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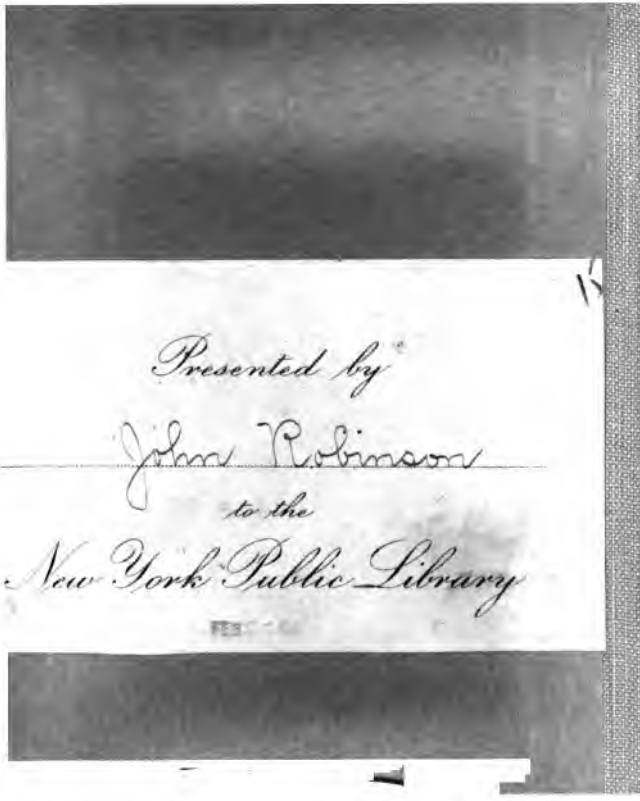
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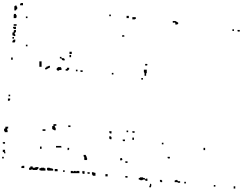

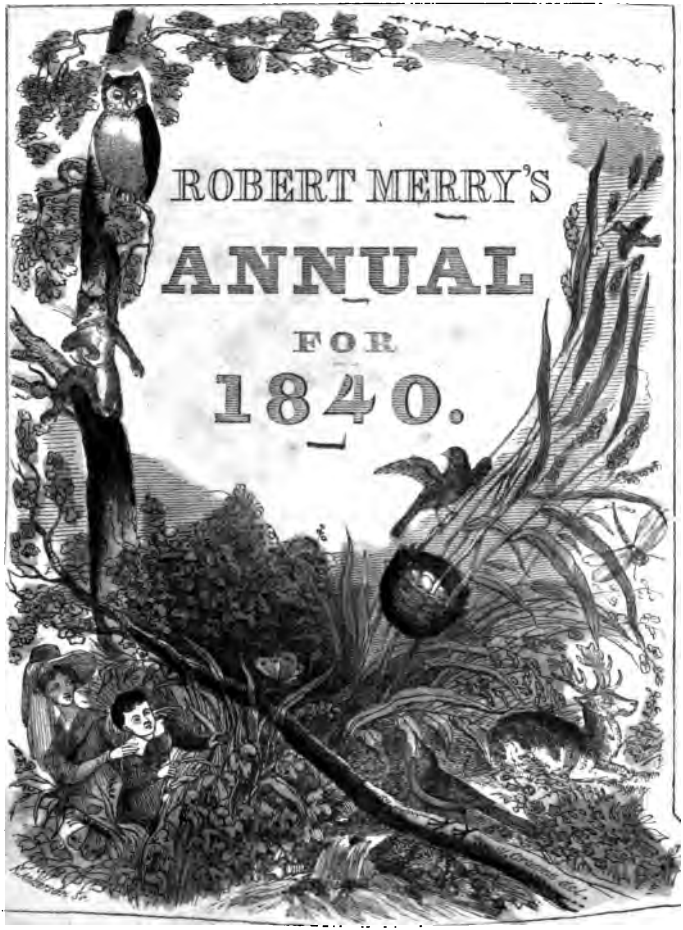
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FOR

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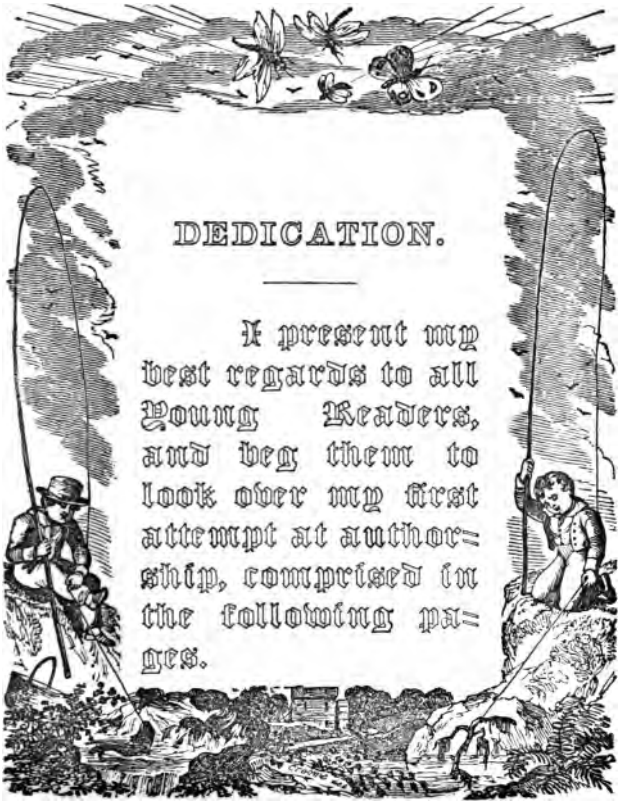
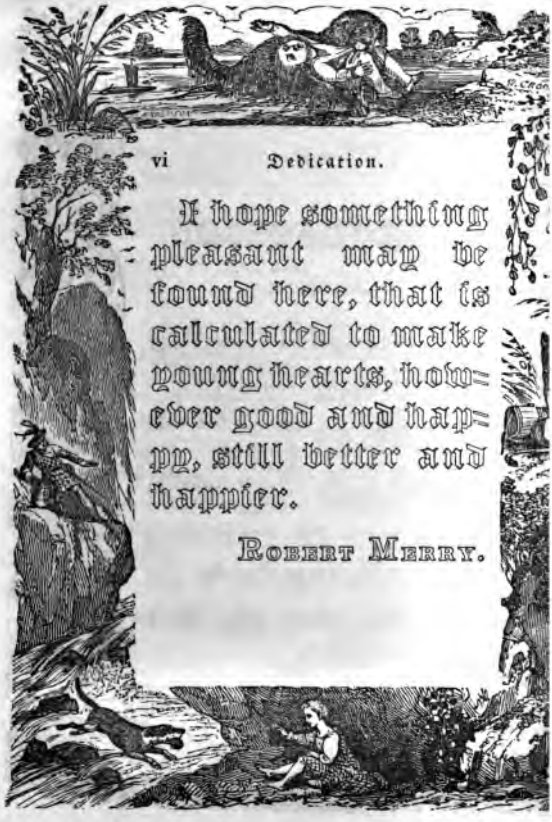


DEDICATION.

I present my best regards to all Young Readers, and beg them to look over my first attempt at author-ship, comprised in the following pages.

I hope something pleasant may be found here, that is calculated to make young hearts, however good and happy, still better and happier.

ROBERT MERRY.



INTRODUCTION.

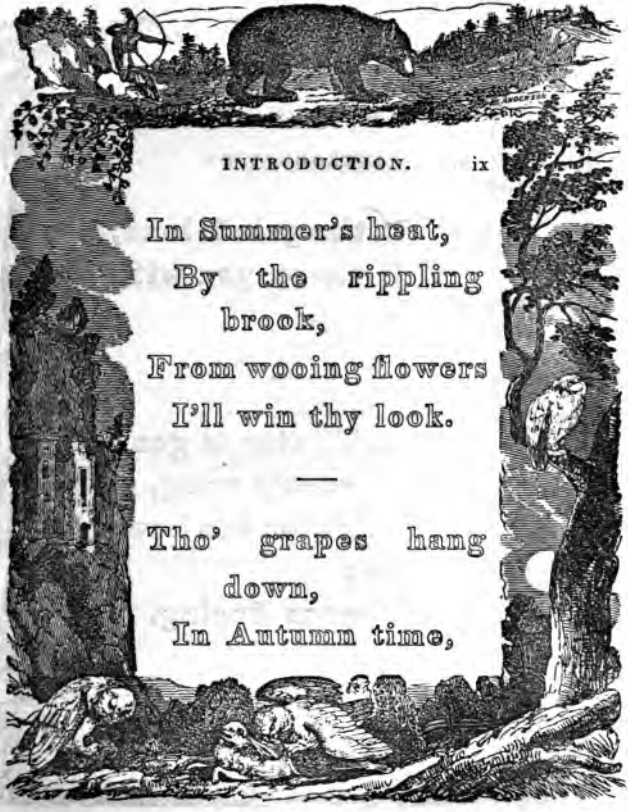
The winter is coming,
I hear its roar:
So take me in—
Pray open the door!

I 'll tell you tales
When the night is
long:

When the gale is loud,
I 'll cheer you with
song.

—

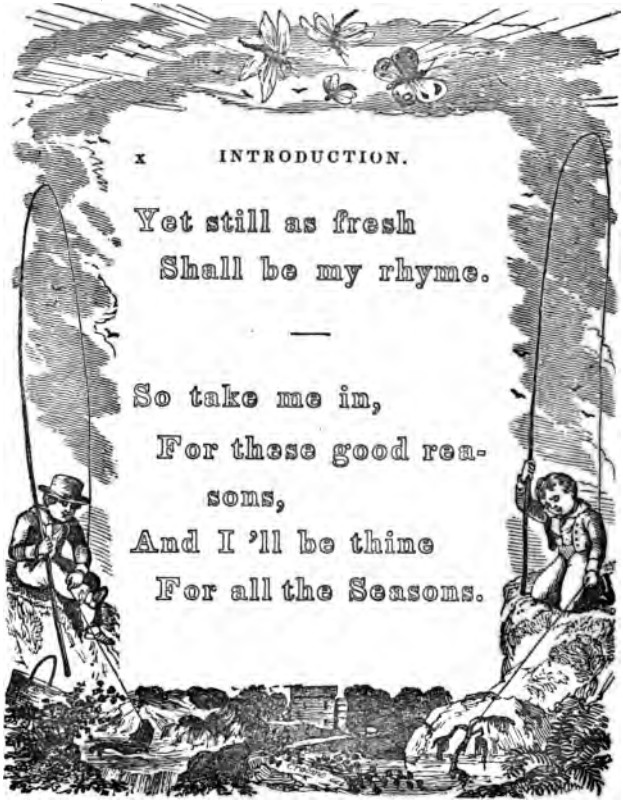
When Winter is gone
On a snowy wing,
I 'll brighten the bow-
ers
Of joyous Spring.



In Summer's heat,
By the rippling
brook,
From wooing flowers
I'll win thy look.

—

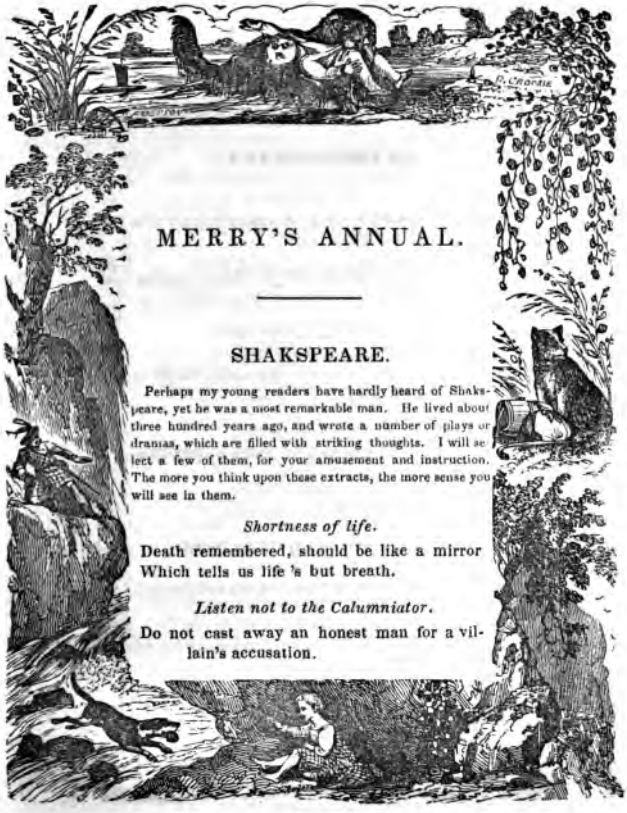
Tho' grapes hang
down,
In Autumn time,



Yet still as fresh
Shall be my rhyme.

—

So take me in,
For these good reasons,
And I 'll be thine
For all the Seasons.



MERRY'S ANNUAL.

SHAKSPEARE.

Perhaps my young readers have hardly heard of Shakspeare, yet he was a most remarkable man. He lived about three hundred years ago, and wrote a number of plays or dramas, which are filled with striking thoughts. I will select a few of them, for your amusement and instruction. The more you think upon these extracts, the more sense you will see in them.

Shortness of life.

Death remembered, should be like a mirror
Which tells us life 's but breath.

Listen not to the Calumniator.

Do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

Self-praise.

There 's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Honesty the best Policy.

Things ill got, had ever bad success.

Ignorance and Knowledge.

Ignorance is the curse of God,—
Knowledge, the wings wherewith we fly to heaven.

Plainness of Speech.

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

Folly of vain Wishers.

Wishers were ever fools.

The Worthlessness of Affection founded in Selfishness.

There 's beggary in the love that can be reckoned.

Sentence will be pronounced on every one.

Time is the old Justice, that examines all offenders.

The Silly are ever cheated by Flattery.

And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

Nature teaches Gratitude to God.

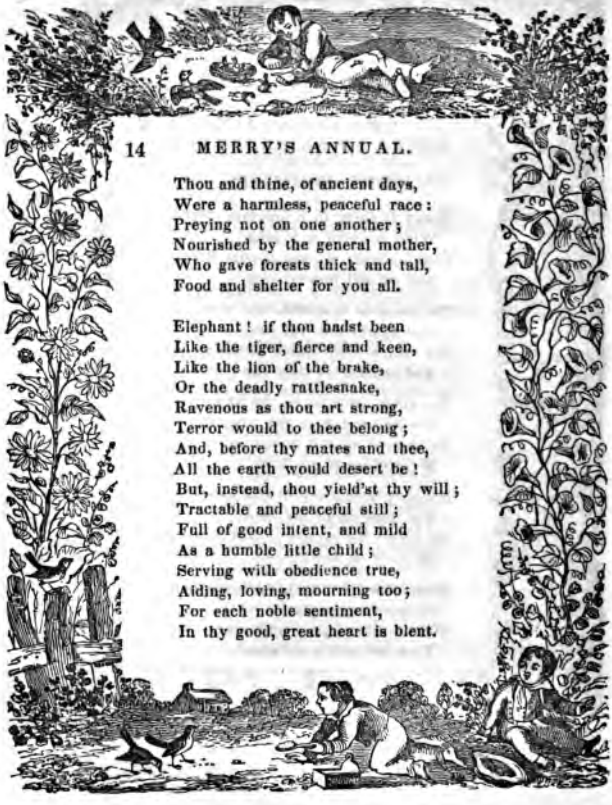
The plants look up to Heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment.

The Horrors of Guilt.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind,—
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

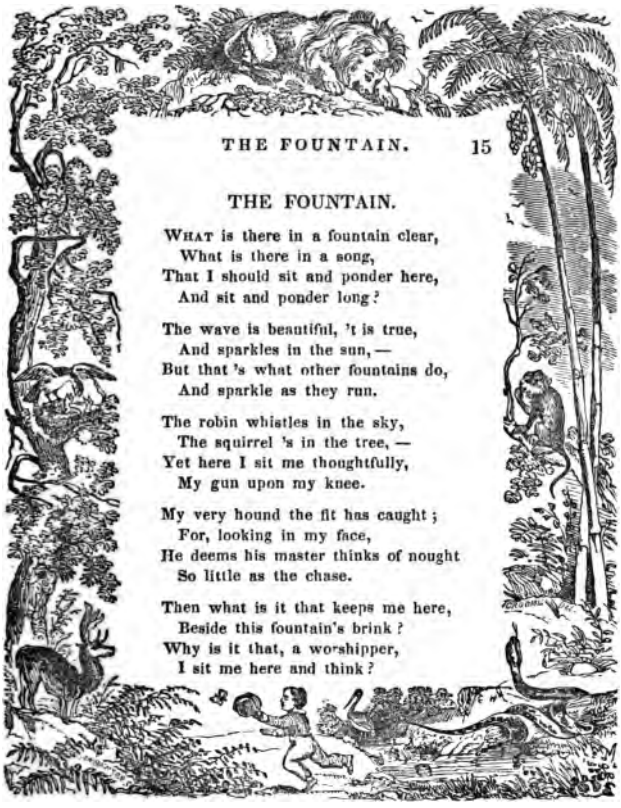
LINES TO AN ELEPHANT.

Elephant, so old and vast,
Thou a kindly nature hast;
Grave thou art, and strangely wise,
With observant, serious eyes;
Somewhat in thy brain must be
Of an old sagacity.
Thou art solemn, wise, and good;
Thou livest not on streaming blood;



Thou and thine, of ancient days,
Were a harmless, peaceful race:
Preying not on one another;
Nourished by the general mother,
Who gave forests thick and tall,
Food and shelter for you all.

Elephant! if thou hadst been
Like the tiger, fierce and keen,
Like the lion of the brake,
Or the deadly rattlesnake,
Ravenous as thou art strong,
Terror would to thee belong;
And, before thy mates and thee,
All the earth would desert be!
But, instead, thou yield'st thy will;
Tractable and peaceful still;
Full of good intent, and mild
As a humble little child;
Serving with obedience true,
Aiding, loving, mourning too;
For each noble sentiment,
In thy good, great heart is blent.



THE FOUNTAIN.

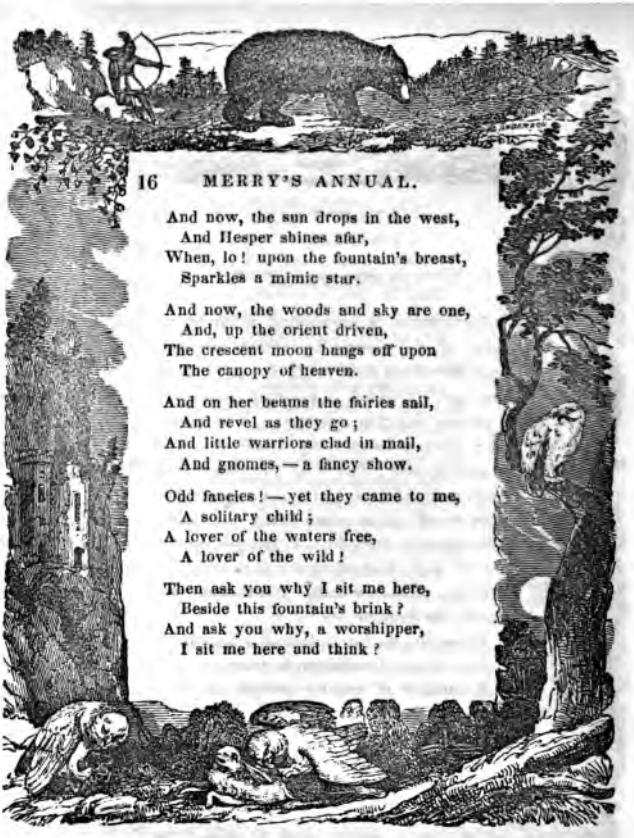
What is there in a fountain clear,
What is there in a song,
That I should sit and ponder here,
And sit and ponder long?

The wave is beautiful, 't is true,
And sparkles in the sun, —
But that 's what other fountains do,
And sparkle as they run.

The robin whistles in the sky,
The squirrel 's in the tree, —
Yet here I sit me thoughtfully,
My gun upon my knee.

My very hound the fit has caught;
For, looking in my face,
He deems his master thinks of nought
So little as the chase.

Then what is it that keeps me here,
Beside this fountain's brink?
Why is it that, a worshipper,
I sit me here and think?



And now, the sun drops in the west,
And Hesper shines afar,
When, lo! upon the fountain's breast,
Sparkles a mimic star.

And now, the woods and sky are one,
And, up the orient driven,
The crescent moon hangs off upon
The canopy of heaven.

And on her beams the fairies sail,
And revel as they go;
And little warriors clad in mail,
And gnomes,—a fancy show.

Odd fancies!—yet they came to me,
A solitary child;
A lover of the waters free,
A lover of the wild!

Then ask you why I sit me here,
Beside this fountain's brink?
And ask you why, a worshipper,
I sit me here and think?

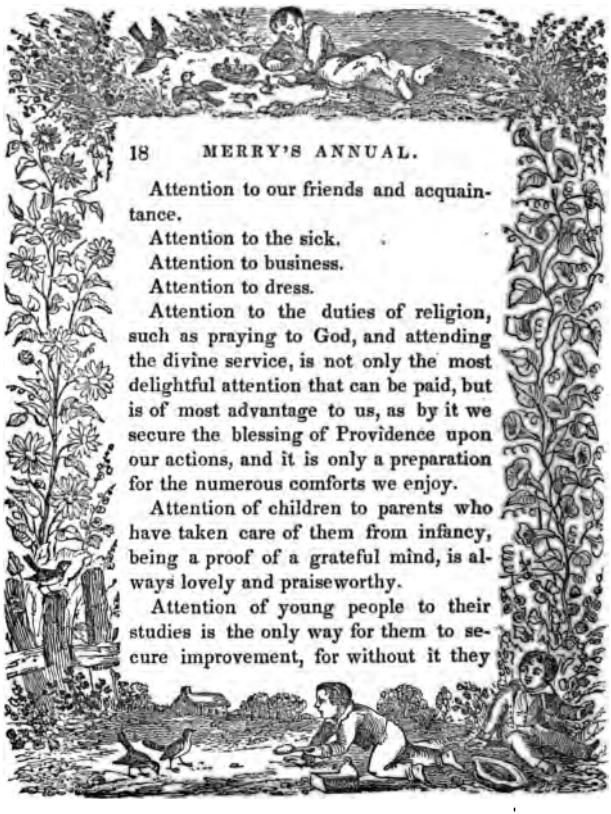
ATTENTION.

Attention is implanted in us by nature, as the means by which we may become acquainted with the objects of our curiosity, and is a virtue, whenever a proper object is selected. The face is then always interesting, however intent it may appear; but it is the choice of a proper object which can alone make this passion of value, and truly estimable. Attention is, therefore, either praiseworthy or not, according to the object it selects. Praiseworthy attentions are chiefly as follows: —

Attention to the duties of religion.

Attention of children to parents.

Attention of young people to their studies.



Attention to our friends and acquaintance.

Attention to the sick.

Attention to business.

Attention to dress.

Attention to the duties of religion, such as praying to God, and attending the divine service, is not only the most delightful attention that can be paid, but is of most advantage to us, as by it we secure the blessing of Providence upon our actions, and it is only a preparation for the numerous comforts we enjoy.

Attention of children to parents who have taken care of them from infancy, being a proof of a grateful mind, is always lovely and praiseworthy.

Attention of young people to their studies is the only way for them to secure improvement, for without it they

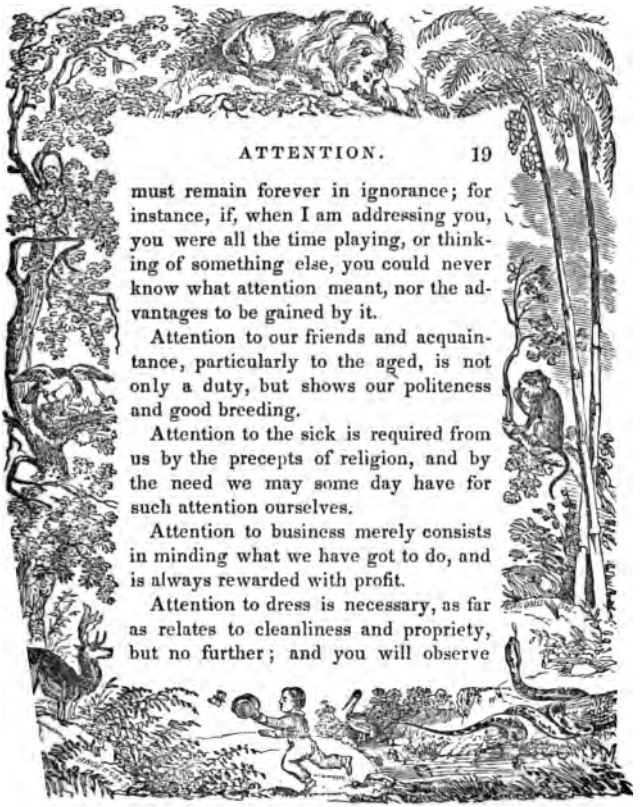
must remain forever in ignorance; for instance, if, when I am addressing you, you were all the time playing, or thinking of something else, you could never know what attention meant, nor the advantages to be gained by it.

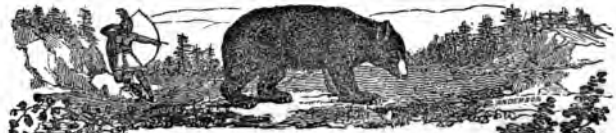
Attention to our friends and acquaintance, particularly to the aged, is not only a duty, but shows our politeness and good breeding.

Attention to the sick is required from us by the precepts of religion, and by the need we may some day have for such attention ourselves.

Attention to business merely consists in minding what we have got to do, and is always rewarded with profit.

Attention to dress is necessary, as far as relates to cleanliness and propriety, but no further; and you will observe



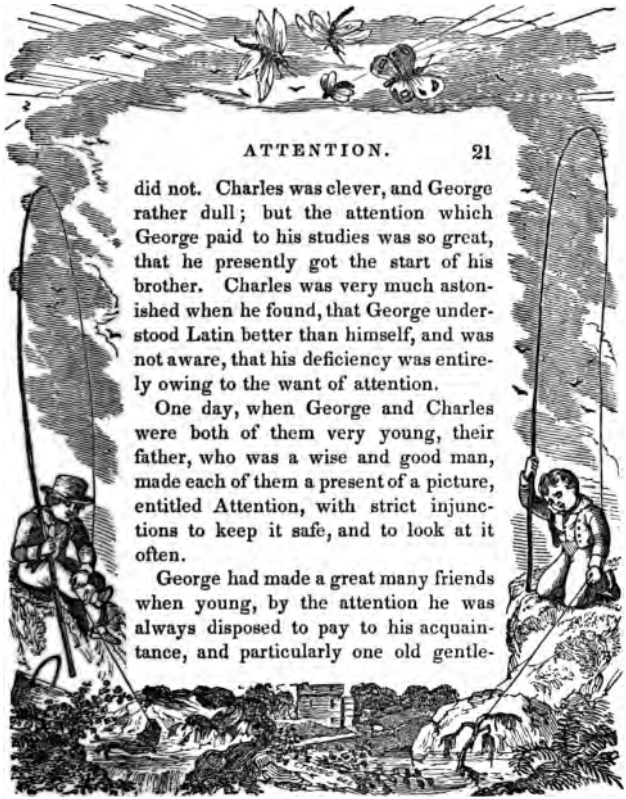


that there are many other attentions which rank before it.

There is another attention, which may be called attention to trifles, which ought only to be paid when there is not anything more worthy of our regard, which ought to have the preference.

But as you have been so attentive, thus far, I will tell you a story, which will show you the great virtue and use of attention.

Charles and George were twin brothers, the children of Mr. Wilson, a gentleman of small income, but who had, nevertheless, given them an excellent education. Both Charles and George were boys of naturally good dispositions; but Charles was careless, and George thoughtful. George always paid attention to what was said to him, and Charles



did not. Charles was clever, and George rather dull; but the attention which George paid to his studies was so great, that he presently got the start of his brother. Charles was very much astonished when he found, that George understood Latin better than himself, and was not aware, that his deficiency was entirely owing to the want of attention.

One day, when George and Charles were both of them very young, their father, who was a wise and good man, made each of them a present of a picture, entitled Attention, with strict injunctions to keep it safe, and to look at it often.

George had made a great many friends when young, by the attention he was always disposed to pay to his acquaintance, and particularly one old gentle-

man, who was very infirm, and who received his civilities with great kindness. As Charles, on the contrary, did not care for any one, so there were very few but his parents who cared for him.

At length, George and Charles were both of them sent into the world, and placed in the counting-houses of merchants of eminence, who were friends of Mr. Wilson. George immediately began to pay *attention* to business, and Charles was as inattentive as ever. George was always employed, and Charles did nothing but follow pleasure. Now there is not anything more agreeable than amusement, when it does not interfere with business; but, at the same time, there is not anything that can be more dangerous, when it does.

In a few years, Charles and George

were established in business as Leghorn merchants, by the liberality of their father, who left himself but a very small income to live upon. Mr. Wilson had, however, the pleasure to see both his children well circumstanced, and in a way of making fortunes, before his death, which happened shortly after.

George paid so much attention to his concerns, that he was already in a way of getting rich; and, in addition to his own industry, he had the pleasure to reap the benefit of his kindness and attention to the infirm old gentleman, who died about this time, and left him his whole property.

Charles, during the whole time of his being in London, had not visited his brother more than three times; and though George had frequently called to

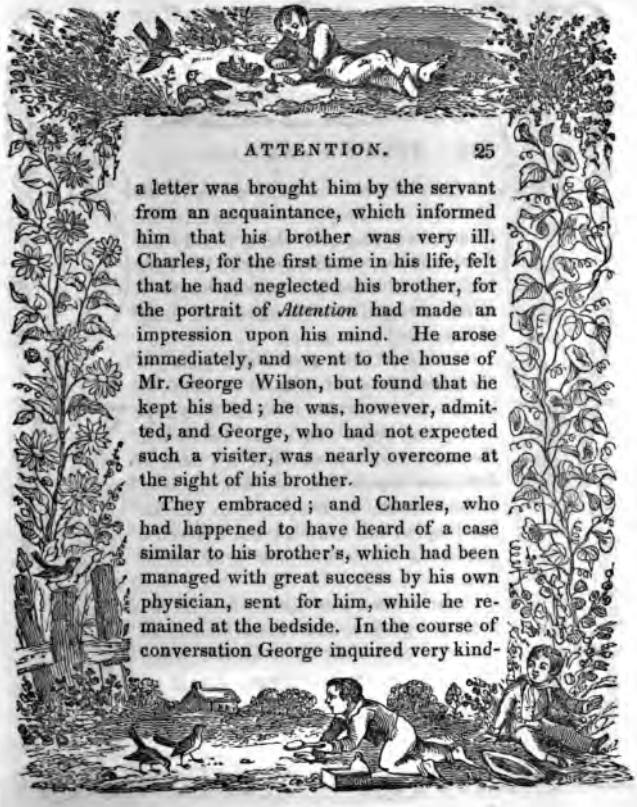
see him, he never took any notice of his kindness, but altogether neglected him. Charles was engaged wholly in folly and extravagance, and was going on in a very bad way; in short, his concerns had been so mismanaged, that he was on the point of becoming a bankrupt.

One day, Charles returned home to his house, in great distress of mind, as he had not been able to make up a payment, on which his credit depended. He had occasion to examine his desk to find some papers of consequence, when, in his search, he happened to lay his hand upon, and unrolled the neglected gift of his father, the picture of Attention.

Charles burst into tears when he beheld the picture, and threw himself in an agony of despair upon his bed, when

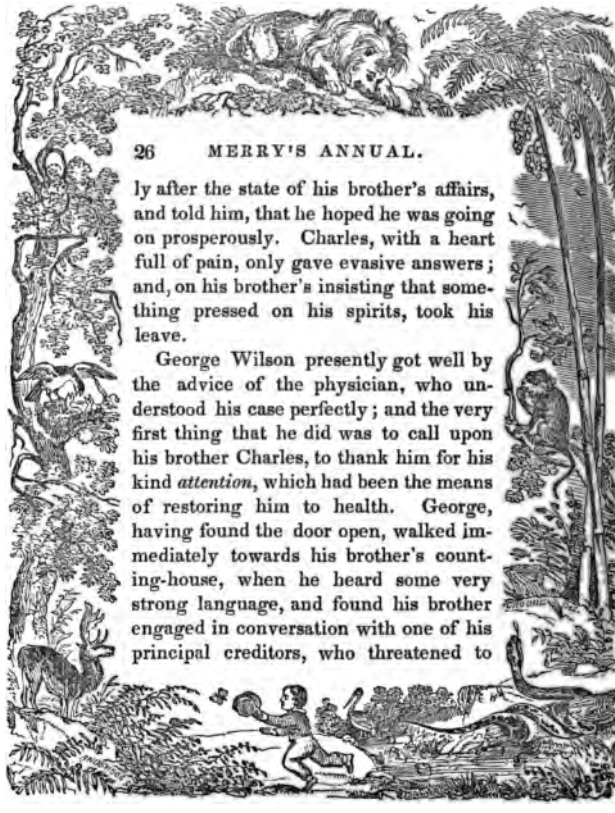
a letter was brought him by the servant from an acquaintance, which informed him that his brother was very ill. Charles, for the first time in his life, felt that he had neglected his brother, for the portrait of *Attention* had made an impression upon his mind. He arose immediately, and went to the house of Mr. George Wilson, but found that he kept his bed; he was, however, admitted, and George, who had not expected such a visiter, was nearly overcome at the sight of his brother.

They embraced; and Charles, who had happened to have heard of a case similar to his brother's, which had been managed with great success by his own physician, sent for him, while he remained at the bedside. In the course of conversation George inquired very kind-



ly after the state of his brother's affairs, and told him, that he hoped he was going on prosperously. Charles, with a heart full of pain, only gave evasive answers; and, on his brother's insisting that something pressed on his spirits, took his leave.

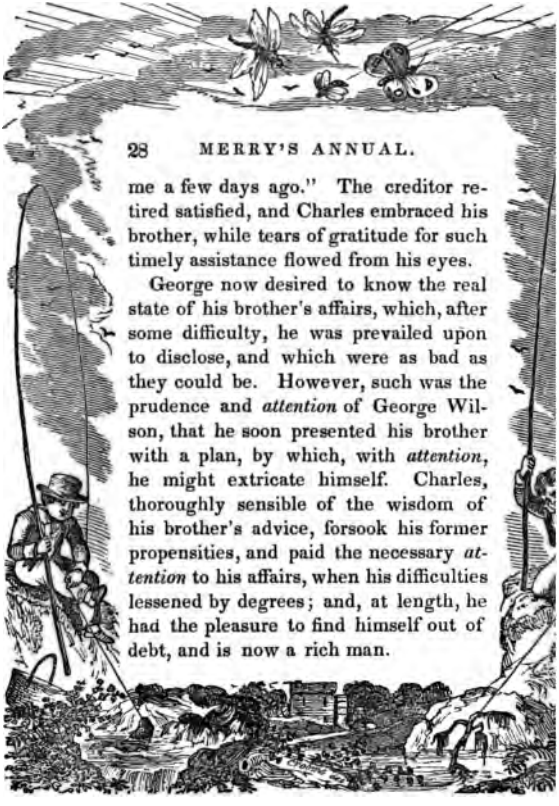
George Wilson presently got well by the advice of the physician, who understood his case perfectly; and the very first thing that he did was to call upon his brother Charles, to thank him for his kind *attention*, which had been the means of restoring him to health. George, having found the door open, walked immediately towards his brother's counting-house, when he heard some very strong language, and found his brother engaged in conversation with one of his principal creditors, who threatened to



make him a bankrupt, if he did not immediately come to a settlement.

George had been noticed by his brother, and could see, in his turn, that Charles was sensible that he had heard everything. George, therefore, begged of the creditor to acquaint him of the cause of his treating his brother with so little respect. The creditor made answer, that payment had been put off continually, and that he would wait no longer.

George requested to know the amount of the debt, which was five thousand pounds, and, with a heart full of love and joy, sat down instantly at the desk, and having drawn a check on his banker for that amount, put it into the hands of his brother, saying at the same time, "My dear Charles, this is but a small return for the kind attention you showed



me a few days ago." The creditor retired satisfied, and Charles embraced his brother, while tears of gratitude for such timely assistance flowed from his eyes.

George now desired to know the real state of his brother's affairs, which, after some difficulty, he was prevailed upon to disclose, and which were as bad as they could be. However, such was the prudence and *attention* of George Wilson, that he soon presented his brother with a plan, by which, with *attention*, he might extricate himself. Charles, thoroughly sensible of the wisdom of his brother's advice, forsook his former propensities, and paid the necessary *attention* to his affairs, when his difficulties lessened by degrees; and, at length, he had the pleasure to find himself out of debt, and is now a rich man.

DANGER OF PROCRASTINATION.

A DIALOGUE.

PAUL PUTOFF, *reading.*
HELEN, *sitting at work, near the foot of her mother's bed.*

Helen. Do, Paul, lay down your book. Did you hear what father said, when he went out

Paul. Yes; he said we were going to have a thunder-shower, and that I had better run down to the grove, and tell the boys not to go on the pond.

Helen. And why don't you go, Paul?

Paul. O, there 's no hurry. Time enough; the world was not made in a minute, you know.

Helen. But I know that a minute too

late is as bad as a month, sometimes; and you are very apt to be too late, by more than a minute. Here is a mark to put in at your place. — Now, Paul; don't begin to read again, Paul! pray don't!

Paul. I just want to finish this chapter.

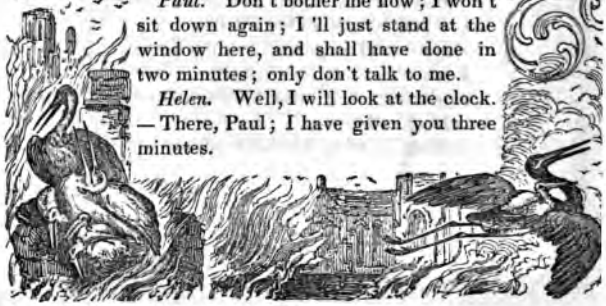
Helen. But you can finish it when you come back.

Paul. But it is so interesting, I can't wait. People always interrupt me in the midst of something very interesting.

Helen. But, Paul —

Paul. Don't bother me now; I won't sit down again; I 'll just stand at the window here, and shall have done in two minutes; only don't talk to me.

Helen. Well, I will look at the clock. — There, Paul; I have given you three minutes.



Paul. Well; I can't go yet. Three minutes more won't make any difference.

Helen. But it may. The boys may be gone, before you get to the pond.

Paul. No; for I promised to go with them, and they said they would wait a while.

Helen. But they would not wait till now; they know your ways.

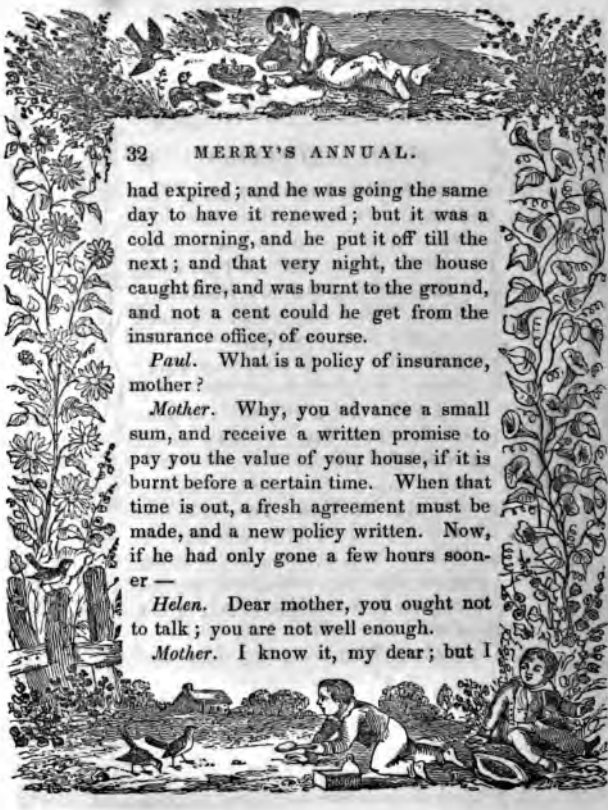
Paul. Yes, they would; they are good-natured fellows; and, besides, it is not late.

Helen. Ah, Paul! you little think how long you have been dallying here.

Mother. Did you read in the newspaper, the other day, about the man whose house was burnt without being insured?

Paul. No. mother; how was it?

Mother. Why, his policy of insurance



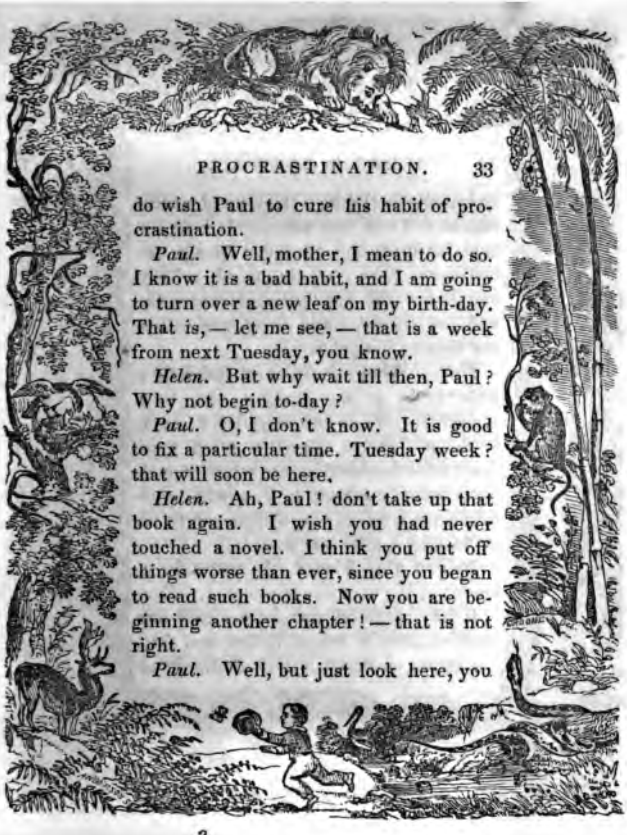
had expired; and he was going the same day to have it renewed; but it was a cold morning, and he put it off till the next; and that very night, the house caught fire, and was burnt to the ground, and not a cent could he get from the insurance office, of course.

Paul. What is a policy of insurance, mother?

Mother. Why, you advance a small sum, and receive a written promise to pay you the value of your house, if it is burnt before a certain time. When that time is out, a fresh agreement must be made, and a new policy written. Now, if he had only gone a few hours sooner —

Helen. Dear mother, you ought not to talk; you are not well enough.

Mother. I know it, my dear; but I



do wish Paul to cure his habit of procrastination.

Paul. Well, mother, I mean to do so. I know it is a bad habit, and I am going to turn over a new leaf on my birth-day. That is, — let me see, — that is a week from next Tuesday, you know.

Helen. But why wait till then, Paul? Why not begin to-day?

Paul. O, I don't know. It is good to fix a particular time. Tuesday week? that will soon be here.

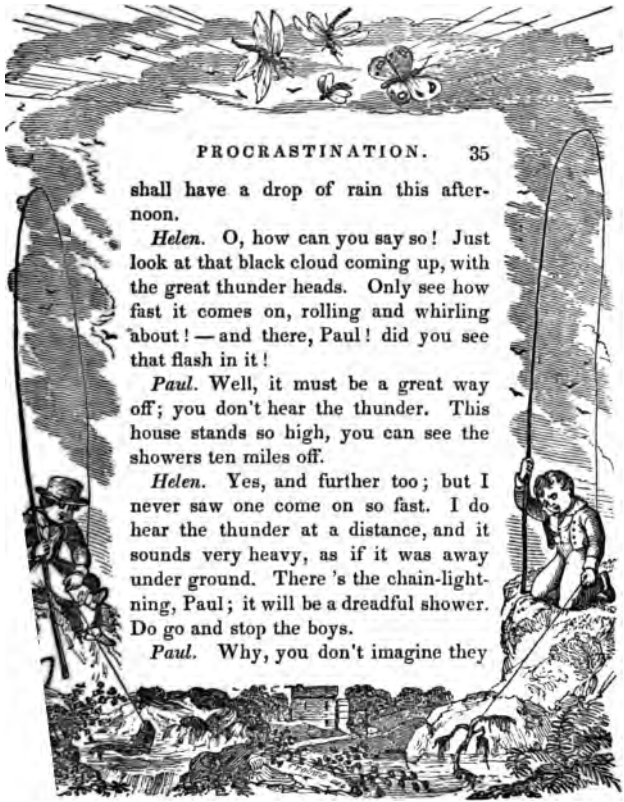
Helen. Ah, Paul! don't take up that book again. I wish you had never touched a novel. I think you put off things worse than ever, since you began to read such books. Now you are beginning another chapter! — that is not right.

Paul. Well, but just look here, you

unreasonable Helen. If I stand at this window, I can see the pond; and the moment the boat pushes out from under the trees, I shall see it, and then I can run down the garden, and across the field, and through the grove, and call to the boys to put back.

Helen. Why, Paul, it is full half a mile down to the landing, and they would be out of hearing before you could get there. Besides, what good does it do to stand at the window with your head in a book? You will be so taken up with it, you will never think of looking out for the boat.

Paul. Yes, I will. I will take a squint at the boat every moment. Now just let me alone, and let me read one more chapter in peace, Helen, and then I will go, positively. I don't think we



shall have a drop of rain this afternoon.

Helen. O, how can you say so! Just look at that black cloud coming up, with the great thunder heads. Only see how fast it comes on, rolling and whirling about! — and there, Paul! did you see that flash in it!

Paul. Well, it must be a great way off; you don't hear the thunder. This house stands so high, you can see the showers ten miles off.

Helen. Yes, and further too; but I never saw one come on so fast. I do hear the thunder at a distance, and it sounds very heavy, as if it was away under ground. There 's the chain-lightning, Paul; it will be a dreadful shower. Do go and stop the boys.

Paul. Why, you don't imagine they

will go out, when they see such a shower coming up!

Helen. But they can't see it where they are. The steep hill is in the way, and the woods, and all; they will know nothing about it, till it is directly overhead. There now, Paul! you are too late; they are out! they are out!

Paul. Why, so they are, I declare; I wish I had gone before. Why, how could the boat push off without my seeing it.

Helen. Because you were not looking.

Paul. Well, it is too late now. I 'll run down by and by, and fire off my fowling-piece; that will bring them round in a minute. I left it in the summer-house, this morning.

Mother. And is that the proper place for it, Paul?

Paul. No; but the boys called me, as I was coming home through the grove; so I just put it in the summer-house till this evening, and went a fishing. I meant to go after it before night.

Helen. O, what a flash! and how fast the clouds come up! And see the dust yonder, flying along the roads! There will be a squall of wind, enough to upset a dozen boats. Paul, do go, for mercy's sake.

Paul. Well; I will, — I will. (*Exit.*)

Helen. O! how thankful I am, that he has gone, at last.

Mother. Every thing will go wrong with him, I am afraid, poor fellow, if he does not alter his habits! Close the shutters, Helen; my head aches very much. Have you seen Paul cross the garden yet?

Helen. No, mother.

Mother. Then leave that window open a little longer, and tell me when he goes.

(*A pause.*)

Helen. I see nothing of him; I am afraid he has stopped for something.—Good news! good news! the boat is turning back, mother! The boys see the shower coming up, but I am afraid they will be caught! And there is Paul. You need not go; Paul! come back! O, he is very ready to come in.

(*Enter Paul.*)

Paul. I just stayed to find an umbrella. What do you want?

Helen. Only to say, there is no need of your going at all. The boys are pulling to the shore with all their might.

Paul. There now; what mighty harm have I done, by not scampering off half

an hour ago? Not a bit; everybody is just as well off as if I had flung down my book, and run the moment father spoke to me.

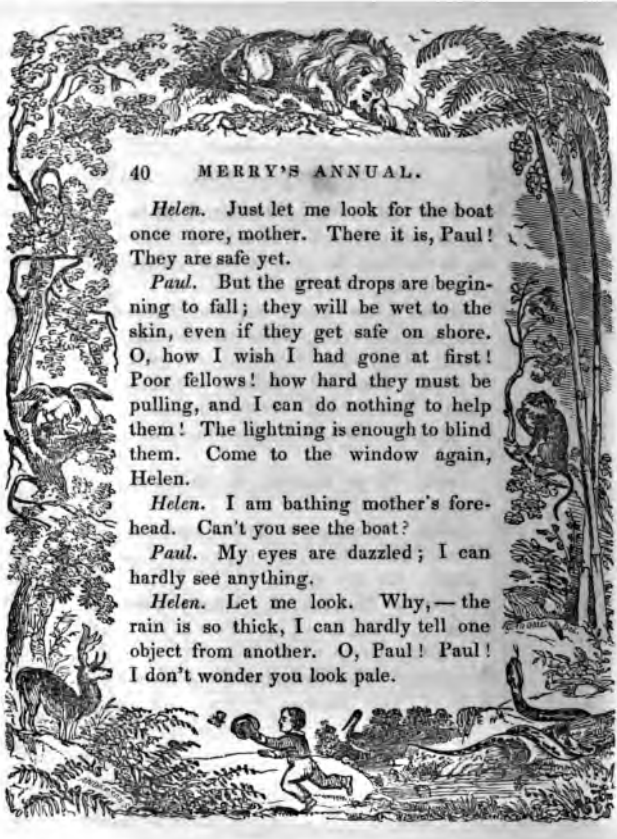
Helen. I don't know that, Paul. Only look, how the trees yonder are shaking about! They will be caught in a gust of wind! Hear it! What a dreadful noise! It is coming over the pond, and bringing the dust and branches of the trees.

Paul. It is terrible, to be sure. Where 's the boat?

Helen. I can't see it, there is such a cloud of dust.

Paul. On the whole, I wish I had gone before they set out. What a flash again!

Mother. Come away from the window, children! That was the loudest thunder I ever heard.



Helen. Just let me look for the boat once more, mother. There it is, Paul! They are safe yet.

Paul. But the great drops are beginning to fall; they will be wet to the skin, even if they get safe on shore. O, how I wish I had gone at first! Poor fellows! how hard they must be pulling, and I can do nothing to help them! The lightning is enough to blind them. Come to the window again, Helen.

Helen. I am bathing mother's forehead. Can't you see the boat?

Paul. My eyes are dazzled; I can hardly see anything.

Helen. Let me look. Why,— the rain is so thick, I can hardly tell one object from another. O, Paul! Paul! I don't wonder you look pale.

Paul. It is all my fault, I know, Helen; but don't scold me now. If the boys only get home safe, to-day, I will cure my bad habit, depend upon it.

Helen. I see them! they are close to the landing! Yes, — I see them plain! — O, Paul, — Paul!

Paul. What is the matter? — Let me look! Let me come to the window!

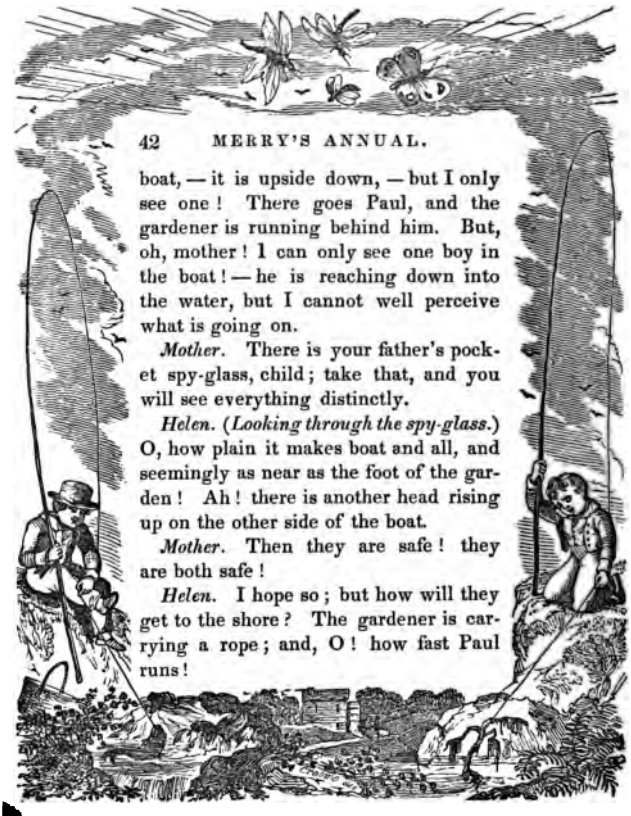
Helen. The boat, Paul, — the boat is upset!

Paul. What shall I do? — What can I do?

Helen. Run, — run for the gardener. (*Exit Paul.*) Don't get up, mother! lie still!

Mother. Tell me, then, what you see. I am too weak to get up. Poor boys! — poor boys!

Helen. There is one of them on the



boat, — it is upside down, — but I only see one! There goes Paul, and the gardener is running behind him. But, oh, mother! I can only see one boy in the boat! — he is reaching down into the water, but I cannot well perceive what is going on.

Mother. There is your father's pocket spy-glass, child; take that, and you will see everything distinctly.

Helen. (*Looking through the spy-glass.*) O, how plain it makes boat and all, and seemingly as near as the foot of the garden! Ah! there is another head rising up on the other side of the boat.

Mother. Then they are safe! they are both safe!

Helen. I hope so; but how will they get to the shore? The gardener is carrying a rope; and, O! how fast Paul runs!

Mother. Ay: but it must be with a heavy heart.

Helen. I would not feel as he does for the world. One fence more! There, they have jumped over the wall, and Paul is tearing off his coat! Don't be frightened, mother; he swims like a fish, you know. I see, — I see how they will manage it. He is carrying out the rope, and then Jacob will stand on the rocks and pull them in safe. There they come! O, mother, the danger is all over.

Mother. Thank God! for it is He who has preserved them; and may Paul never forget the terror of this afternoon.

Helen. Depend upon it, he never will. This is the most serious lesson he ever had; and, I think, he can never forget it.

Mother. I trust so, my child. I trust

he will reform a fault, which has almost cost the lives of two innocent beings, whom he loved; a very dangerous fault, but, I am happy to say, it is far the greatest defect in his character. I have suffered the greatest uneasiness on his account, for the habit of procrastination is apt to cling to a man through life, injuring him, even in common business, and annoying others; but I do hope and believe this afternoon's adventure will make Paul resolve on a new course. Close the shutters, Helen; for the sun is breaking out, and my head aches, with the anxiety that boy has inflicted on me.

A PLEASING GAME.

Papa. Come, my dear children, I have just thought of a very pretty game, and a very improving one also.

Jane. O, pray teach us the game! We shall all enjoy it.

Papa. Well, one of you must think of something, and of what caused it, which is called the instrument; and the rest are to guess what that is, after putting twelve questions. Suppose we ask Frederick to think of something. But do you quite understand what I mean by an instrument?

Frederick. I think I do. A pen is the instrument with which we write. A knife is the instrument with which we

cut bread. A hook is what we catch fish with, and a bell calls the people to church. These are instruments, are they not?

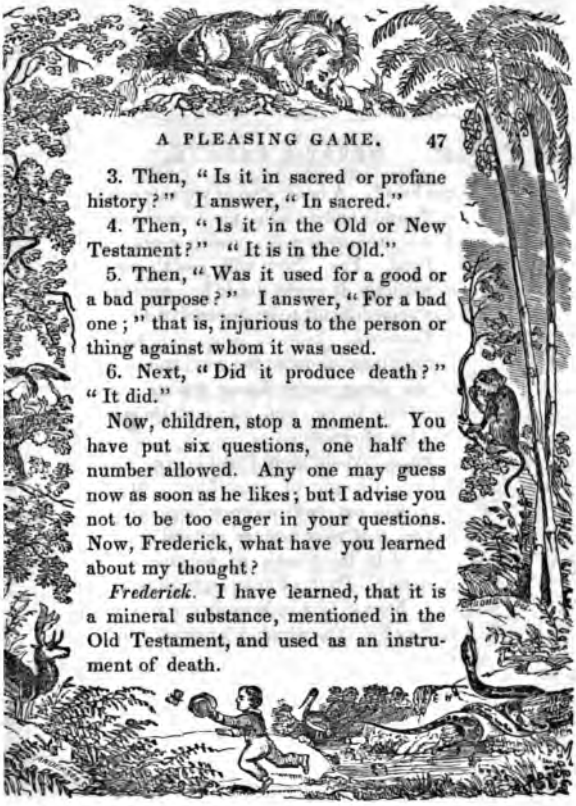
Papa. Yes. Now will you think of something. It ought not to be very easy, nor very difficult to be guessed at first.

Frederick. Indeed, papa, you must, if you please, show us the way, and think of the thing yourself, and tell us what questions to put, and all; and then we will try afterwards.

Papa. Well, then, I will begin. Now I have thought of something. Mind, you may put twelve questions; and I advise, that your first, in general, be,

1. "Is it animal, or vegetable, or mineral?" To this I answer, "Mineral."

2. Next, "Is it in ancient or modern history?" To which I answer, "Ancient."



3. Then, "Is it in sacred or profane history?" I answer, "In sacred."

4. Then, "Is it in the Old or New Testament?" "It is in the Old."

5. Then, "Was it used for a good or a bad purpose?" I answer, "For a bad one;" that is, injurious to the person or thing against whom it was used.

6. Next, "Did it produce death?" "It did."

Now, children, stop a moment. You have put six questions, one half the number allowed. Any one may guess now as soon as he likes; but I advise you not to be too eager in your questions. Now, Frederick, what have you learned about my thought?

Frederick. I have learned, that it is a mineral substance, mentioned in the Old Testament, and used as an instrument of death.

Jane. We were reading of it yesterday. I think it must be the dart that pierced the heart of Absalom.

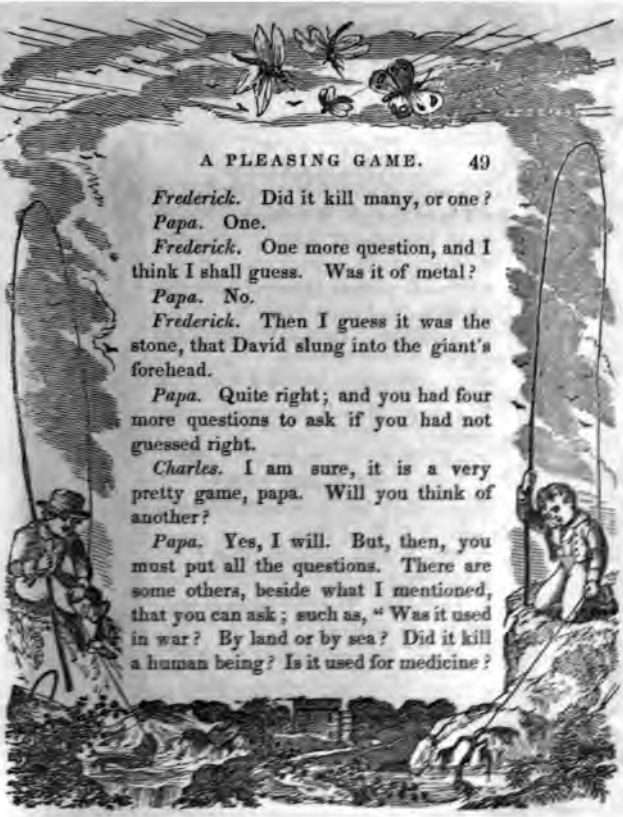
Papa. No bad guess, Jane; but you are a little too hasty; besides, I think a dart is, generally, partly vegetable. You know the shaft is of wood.

Jane. How very foolish I was, to be sure.

Papa. No, Jane; it was a very fair guess, especially for the first time. Each person has a right to guess three times. Shall we go on questioning, or does any one else wish to guess?

Sarah. I think I know now; it was the sword, that David used when he cut off the giant Goliath's head.

Papa. A very good guess, Sarah; but not the answer I intended. Come, Frederick, put another question or two.



Frederick. Did it kill many, or one?

Papa. One.

Frederick. One more question, and I think I shall guess. Was it of metal?

Papa. No.

Frederick. Then I guess it was the stone, that David slung into the giant's forehead.

Papa. Quite right; and you had four more questions to ask if you had not guessed right.

Charles. I am sure, it is a very pretty game, papa. Will you think of another?

Papa. Yes, I will. But, then, you must put all the questions. There are some others, beside what I mentioned, that you can ask; such as, "Was it used in war? By land or by sea? Did it kill a human being? Is it used for medicine?

Is it a work of art? Is it used for food?" But I have thought of another.

1. It was almost entirely vegetable.

2. Ancient.

3. And in profane history. Now proceed, ladies and gentlemen.

4. *Frederick.* In what part of the world?

Papa. In Asia.

5. *James.* Was it for a good or bad purpose?

Papa. Bad.

6. *Sarah.* Did it cause death?

Papa. No; but it enabled others to do so.

7. *Mary.* Was it a work of art?

Papa. Yes.

8. *Frederick.* Used in peace or war?

Papa. In war.

9. *Mary.* By one, few, or many?

Papa. By many.

Frederick. Well, I will now guess once. It was a battering-ram.

Papa. Not right, but a very fair guess.

Frederick. I really don't know what to ask more.

Papa. You might ask if it were solid or hollow; and I answer, Hollow.

Sarah. O, then I think I know. Let me see; it is almost wholly vegetable, — used in war against many, — in ancient profane history, — it was used in Asia, and enabled persons to cause death, — it was a work of art, and it was hollow. It was the Persian fleet, setting out for Greece.

Papa. A most excellent guess, but not right. Come, you have one more

question. It was not a ship, nor does it belong to a ship's element.

Frederick. O, now I am quite sure I know it! It was the wooden horse that carried the Greeks into Troy!

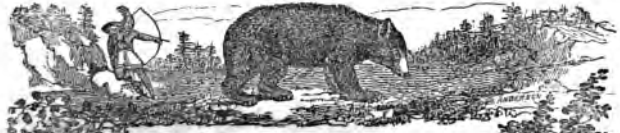
Papa. Well done. I think you now understand the game, and I will leave you to enjoy it among yourselves.

THE LAMA.

THE lama seems to be the only animal that is undebased by being subjected to man. They will bear neither beating nor ill treatment. They go in troops, the Indians going a long distance ahead as guides. If tired they stop, and the Indians stop also. If the delay is great, the Indian becoming uneasy, towards sunset, after all sorts of precautions, resolves on supplicating the beasts to resume their journey. He stands about fifty or sixty paces off, in an attitude of humility, waves his hands towards the lamas, looks at them with tenderness, and at the same time in the softest tone, and with a patience I never failed to admire, reiterates *ic, ic, ic, ic.*

If the lamas are disposed to continue their course, they follow the Indian in good order, at a regular pace, and very fast, for their legs are extremely long; but, when they are in ill humor, they do not even turn their heads towards the speaker, but remain motionless, huddled together, standing or lying down, and gazing on heaven with looks so tender, so melancholy, that we might almost imagine that these singular animals had the consciousness of another life, and of a happier existence.

The straight neck and its gentle majesty of bearing, the long down of their always clean and glossy skin, their supple and timid motions, all give them an air at once noble and sensitive. It must be so, in fact, for the lama is the only creature employed by man that he dare not strike.



If it happens, which is very seldom, that an Indian wishes to obtain either by force or threats what the lama will not willingly perform, the instant the animal finds itself affronted either by word or gesture, he raises his head with dignity, and, without attempting to escape ill treatment by flight, for he is never either tied or fettered, he lies down, turning his looks towards heaven. Large tears flow freely from his beautiful eyes, sighs issue from his breast, and in half or three quarters of an hour, at most, he expires.

The respect shown these animals by the Peruvian Indians amounts absolutely to superstitious reverence. When the Indians load them, two of them approach and caress the animal, hiding his head that he may not see the burden on his back. If he did, he would fall down

and die. It is the same in unloading. If the burden exceeds a certain weight the animal throws itself down and dies. The Indian of the Cordilleras alone possesses enough patience and gentleness to manage the lama.

A CHILD'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF A STAR.

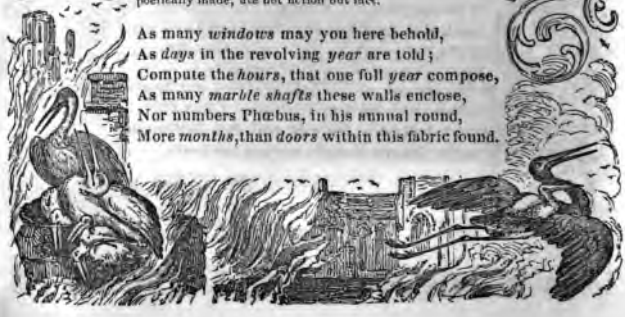
She had been told, that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven; and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. How beautiful
Must be the work of nature to a child
In its first impression! Laura stood
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with the new and strange delight
Of beauty, that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple fold
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky,
That looked so still and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness; and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows. Laura still
Stood, looking at the west with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.

Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint golden mellowness, — a star
Peeped suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands,
Her simple thoughts broke forth expressively, —
"Father, dear father! God has made a star!"

SALISBURY CATHEDRAL.

This fine old Church in England, has been thus noticed by the late Rev. Samuel Rogers, and the statements here poetically made, are not fiction but fact.

As many *windows* may you here behold,
As *days* in the revolving *year* are told;
Compute the *hours*, that one full *year* compose,
As many *marble shafts* these walls enclose,
Nor numbers Phœbus, in his annual round,
More *months*, than *doors* within this fabric found.



A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD STORY.

I SUPPOSE you have read the famous story of "The Babes in the Wood" in rhyme. I will put it into prose for you, and perhaps some young persons will understand it better.

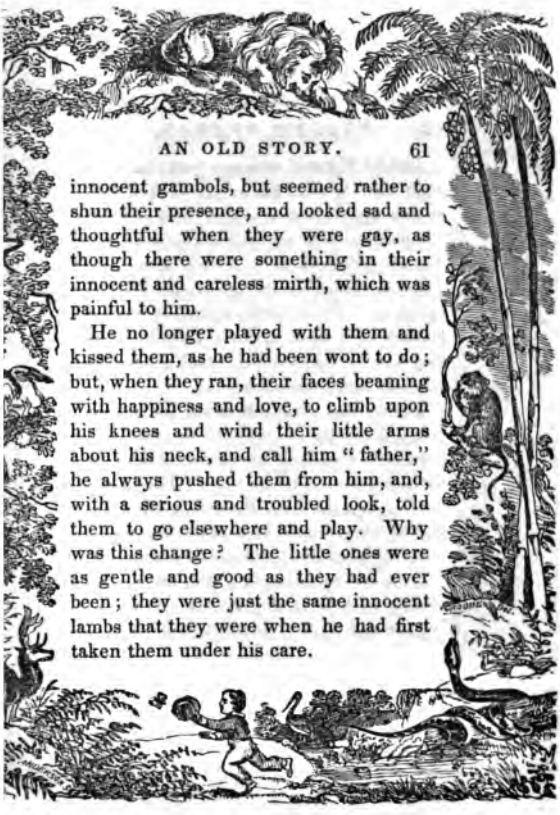
The little brother and sister were in the silent and darkened chamber, where lay their dying parents. They were called to the bed-side, and their father and mother gave them a farewell kiss and blessing. Their uncle sat by the bed-side, and held the hand of the mother within his own. "O, who," said the dying mother, "will provide for these two little ones, when their parents are gone?" "Fear not for them, my dear sister; and you, my brother, doubt

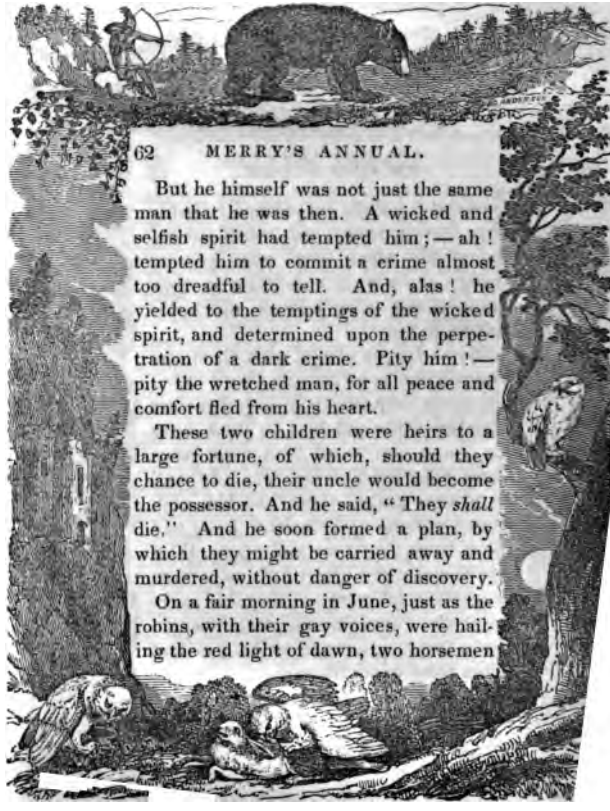
not but that they will be well cared for," said the uncle. "Trust them with me; give them to me, to be my own, and I will love them as my own." "They shall, they shall be thine," said the father and mother; "receive the precious trust as a proof of our confidence in thy discretion and goodness. We shall now die happy, knowing that our babes will be cherished by thy love, and brought up under thy excellent care."

And, after their parents were gone, the children were taken to their uncle's house, where, for some time they lived happily with their little cousins, and their uncle was very kind to them, even as he had promised to be, and seemed to love them. But soon there was a change in his manners and feelings towards them. He did not love to look on their

innocent gambols, but seemed rather to shun their presence, and looked sad and thoughtful when they were gay, as though there were something in their innocent and careless mirth, which was painful to him.

He no longer played with them and kissed them, as he had been wont to do; but, when they ran, their faces beaming with happiness and love, to climb upon his knees and wind their little arms about his neck, and call him "father," he always pushed them from him, and, with a serious and troubled look, told them to go elsewhere and play. Why was this change? The little ones were as gentle and good as they had ever been; they were just the same innocent lambs that they were when he had first taken them under his care.

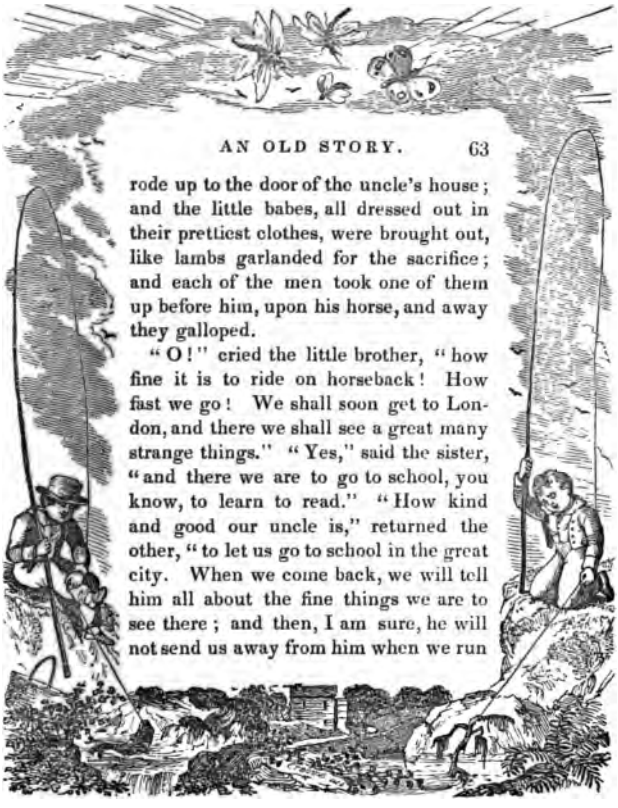




But he himself was not just the same man that he was then. A wicked and selfish spirit had tempted him; — ah! tempted him to commit a crime almost too dreadful to tell. And, alas! he yielded to the temptings of the wicked spirit, and determined upon the perpetration of a dark crime. Pity him! — pity the wretched man, for all peace and comfort fled from his heart.

These two children were heirs to a large fortune, of which, should they chance to die, their uncle would become the possessor. And he said, "They *shall* die." And he soon formed a plan, by which they might be carried away and murdered, without danger of discovery.

On a fair morning in June, just as the robins, with their gay voices, were hailing the red light of dawn, two horsemen



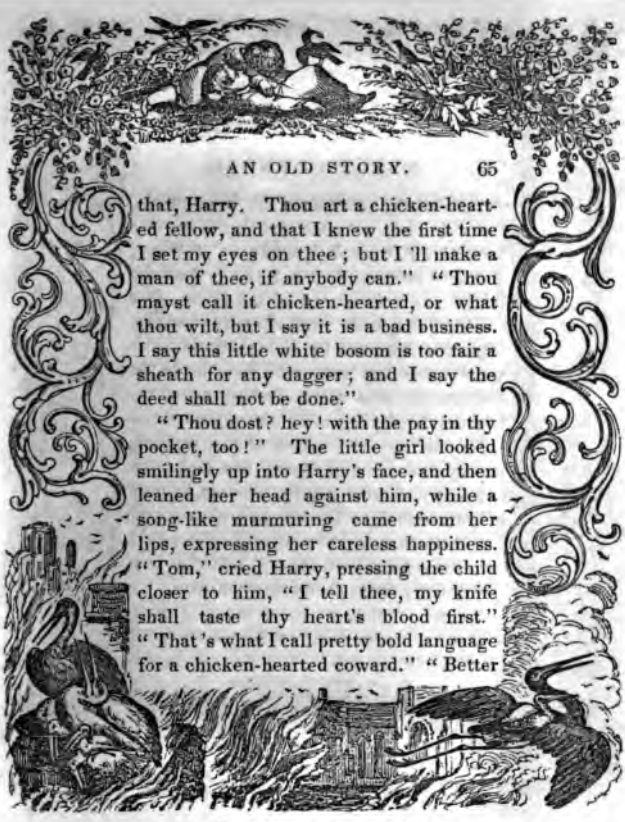
rode up to the door of the uncle's house; and the little babes, all dressed out in their prettiest clothes, were brought out, like lambs garlanded for the sacrifice; and each of the men took one of them up before him, upon his horse, and away they galloped.

"O!" cried the little brother, "how fine it is to ride on horseback! How fast we go! We shall soon get to London, and there we shall see a great many strange things." "Yes," said the sister, "and there we are to go to school, you know, to learn to read." "How kind and good our uncle is," returned the other, "to let us go to school in the great city. When we come back, we will tell him all about the fine things we are to see there; and then, I am sure, he will not send us away from him when we run

to climb upon his knees." "And," said the little girl, "we will thank him, and kiss him for being so good to us, and we will love him as much as we did our own father."

The little sister was a pretty rosy-cheeked, golden-haired child, who had not yet seen her third birthday; and all that she said was said in the lisping tone which tells so much of sweet innocence. Often did she look up into the ruffian's face and smile, and sometimes shouted aloud in the overflowing joyousness of her little heart; and, as she leaned against him, and as his arm was around her to hold her upon the horse, the soft weight of her little form was pleasant to him.

Before they had ridden a mile, he said to his companion, "Look ye, Tom; I don't like this job." "I dare warrant



that, Harry. Thou art a chicken-hearted fellow, and that I knew the first time I set my eyes on thee; but I 'll make a man of thee, if anybody can." "Thou mayst call it chicken-hearted, or what thou wilt, but I say it is a bad business. I say this little white bosom is too fair a sheath for any dagger; and I say the deed shall not be done."

"Thou dost? hey! with the pay in thy pocket, too!" The little girl looked smilingly up into Harry's face, and then leaned her head against him, while a song-like murmuring came from her lips, expressing her careless happiness. "Tom," cried Harry, pressing the child closer to him, "I tell thee, my knife shall taste thy heart's blood first." "That 's what I call pretty bold language for a chicken-hearted coward." "Better

a chicken's heart, than no heart at all, say I. Let us dismount here, in this wood, and thou shalt soon see." "What, thou wouldst fight me, hey?" And the two men dismounted in the forest, near which they rode, and, after an obstinate combat, Tom fell by Harry's hand.

"Come, my little ones," said he to the children, who were sitting upon the ground, playing with their flowers,—for during the combat of the ruffians, they had been plucking the violets, as happy as birds; wholly heedless, in their ignorance, how the struggle should end. "But where are the horses?" he added.

They have run away," said the boy. "I saw them run far away amongst the trees." "Ay, ay," answered Harry; "we were so hot, we forgot to fasten

them. But come! come! I must not stay here."

And he took the children by the hand, and led them far along through the forest. And soon they grew very tired, and told him they could not walk any further, and then he took them in his arms, and carried them; and when their little arms were about his neck, and their sweet, innocent faces close to his own, and their baby-voices lisping softly in his ear, he said to himself, "In faith, I believe Tom called me by the right name. I have not felt so soft-hearted since that sorrowful day of my boyhood, when I cried till my eyes were sore, because the cat made a meal of my pet bird.

And the man kissed the soft cheeks that were close to his own. "But what."

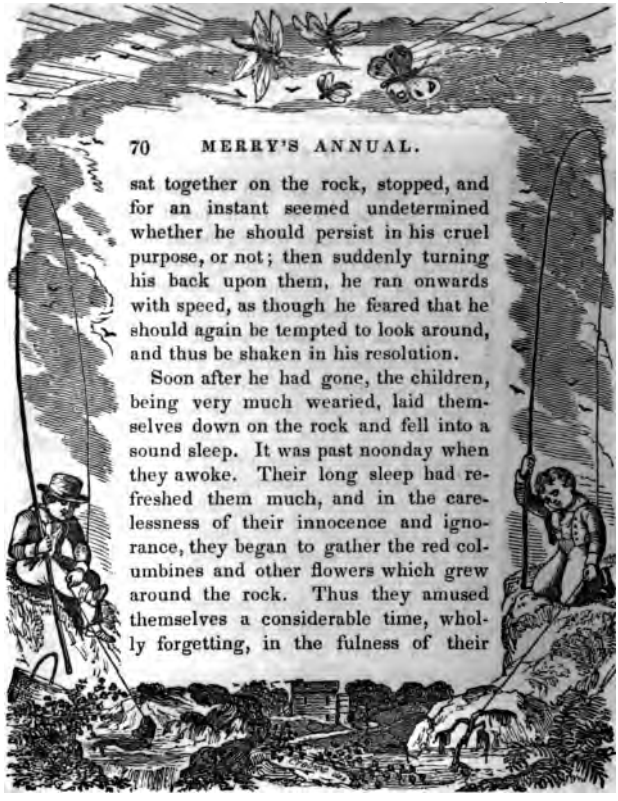
said he, to himself, "shall I do with these babies? I have rescued them from the dagger of the blood-thirsty Tom; but, if I leave them in the wood, they may meet with even a worse fate, than that from which I have just now snatched them. Yet, if I stay here, I risk my own life, for the sake of saving theirs. I must leave them,—I must. I will leave them, and hope that some one may chance to discover and save them from starvation."

At a little distance he saw a large flat rock, covered with green moss. The wild columbines grew around it, and the rose-bushes, that were close by its side, stretched their branches over it,—for just here the trees were thinly scattered, and the sunbeams could come in, and warm the ground, and cause the flowers

to grow. Upon this rock he set the children down, saying, "There, sit ye here upon this stone, my pretty ones; you cannot go any further."

"O, no! no!" cried the little boy; "do not leave us here alone." "Thou canst not go with me, boy; neither can I stay here. Do not cling to me so. Be quiet, and rest ye here upon this rock." "Do not you mean to take us to London?" asked the child. "O, no matter,—no matter. Look at the red columbines. Pluck them, and play with them, till I come back." "Come back soon," said the boy, "or our flowers will all be withered before we get to London."

"Poor lambs! I would I could save them," muttered the man to himself; and, after walking onwards a few steps, he turned and looked upon them as they



sat together on the rock, stopped, and for an instant seemed undetermined whether he should persist in his cruel purpose, or not; then suddenly turning his back upon them, he ran onwards with speed, as though he feared that he should again be tempted to look around, and thus be shaken in his resolution.

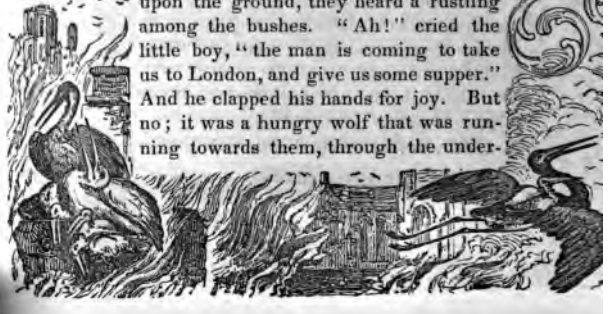
Soon after he had gone, the children, being very much wearied, laid themselves down on the rock and fell into a sound sleep. It was past noonday when they awoke. Their long sleep had refreshed them much, and in the carelessness of their innocence and ignorance, they began to gather the red columbines and other flowers which grew around the rock. Thus they amused themselves a considerable time, wholly forgetting, in the fulness of their

pleasure, that the man had left them, and that they were alone in the forest.

But, as the sun sank toward the western horizon, and the lengthening shadows of the trees, with the long lines of reddish sunlight, were thrown across the grass and over the moss-covered rock, they began to feel sad. Strange fears, — fears of they knew not what, — entered their little hearts; and they became very faint from want of food, for they had tasted nothing since daybreak, excepting a few dried strawberries, which they had found in the wood; and they began to weep, and shout aloud, as if they thought the man would hear them, and come back.

They wandered about in search of more berries, but found none; for they dared not venture far, because they were

told to remain near the rock. And they sat down again among the rose-bushes, and sobbed bitterly; and the robin redbreasts, that were singing their evening songs in the trees, heard their loud sobs and saw the tears streaming down over their cheeks, and they pitied the poor little babes, and brought them strawberries in their bills. But a few berries was a scanty meal for them; and, though they felt pleased because the robins pitied them, they still continued to weep and to call for Harry. As they sat there upon the ground, they heard a rustling among the bushes. "Ah!" cried the little boy, "the man is coming to take us to London, and give us some supper." And he clapped his hands for joy. But no; it was a hungry wolf that was running towards them, through the under-

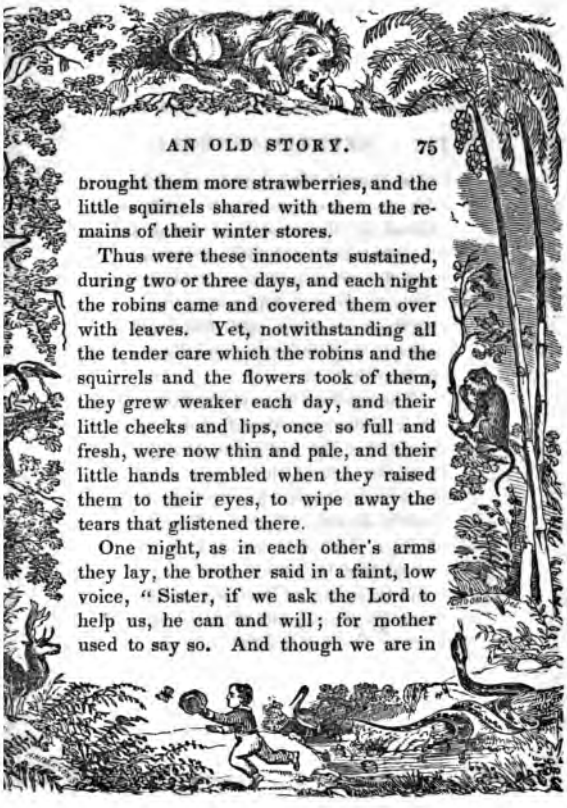


growth of the wood. "Ha! ha!" laughed the little sister, as the creature sprang out from among the bushes, and came upon the more open ground, "there is Carlo! come Carlo! Carlo!" "Nay, nay," said the brother, who was the elder of the two; "that is not Carlo, because Carlo's ears hang down. He is a pretty dog, but not so pretty as Carlo." The wolf was now quite near them, and they stretched out their hands towards him, and called him; but, when they did so, he stopped, and stood looking them directly in the face. Smiling through their tears, the babies sprang up, and ran towards him, still stretching out their hands and calling, and the savage and ravenous beast cowered beneath their eye, and turned and slunk away.

The children sat down again, and sob-

bed as though their hearts would break; and, when the line of red light, which glowed in the west, had faded away, they stretched their little, wearied limbs upon the grass, and soon sobbed themselves to sleep. And when the robins saw them lie down upon the damp cold ground, they brought dried leaves and covered them all over.

They awoke the next morning at the dawn of day, and they found that even the flowers had not been unmindful of them, for their unclosed cups were filled full of clear dew, which the children eagerly sipped, and it cooled their parched lips. So faint were they from long fasting that they were not able to roam about in search of berries; and they sat upon the ground and wept, as they had done on the day before; and the robins



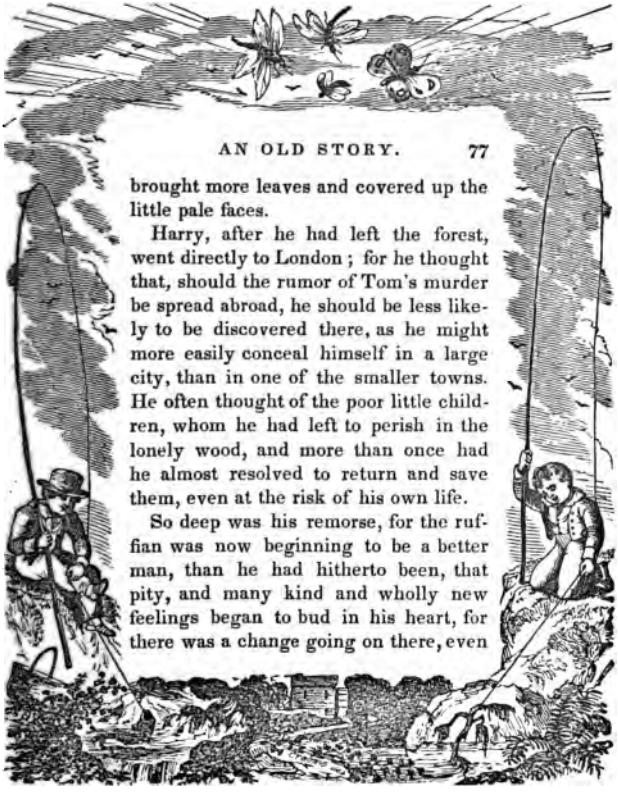
brought them more strawberries, and the little squirrels shared with them the remains of their winter stores.

Thus were these innocents sustained, during two or three days, and each night the robins came and covered them over with leaves. Yet, notwithstanding all the tender care which the robins and the squirrels and the flowers took of them, they grew weaker each day, and their little cheeks and lips, once so full and fresh, were now thin and pale, and their little hands trembled when they raised them to their eyes, to wipe away the tears that glistened there.

One night, as in each other's arms they lay, the brother said in a faint, low voice, "Sister, if we ask the Lord to help us, he can and will; for mother used to say so. And though we are in

this lonely place, yet he can hear us, for he is everywhere." And with a faltering voice and quivering lip, he lisped a baby's prayer; and the heavenly smile, — the expression of sweet peace, which, in the morning, was spread over both their faces, — told plainly, that the softly whispered prayer had been heard in heaven.

Their cheeks were paler than ever, and their eyes were closed, never again to open; but the smile was there, because, while they slept, the angels had come to take them from their earthly bodies, and lead them into paradise. Yes, their sufferings were now at an end, and they awoke and beheld the glories of heaven. And when the robins saw that the babies were gone away out of their bodies, they



brought more leaves and covered up the little pale faces.

Harry, after he had left the forest, went directly to London; for he thought that, should the rumor of Tom's murder be spread abroad, he should be less likely to be discovered there, as he might more easily conceal himself in a large city, than in one of the smaller towns. He often thought of the poor little children, whom he had left to perish in the lonely wood, and more than once had he almost resolved to return and save them, even at the risk of his own life.

So deep was his remorse, for the ruffian was now beginning to be a better man, than he had hitherto been, that pity, and many kind and wholly new feelings began to bud in his heart, for there was a change going on there, even

like that which the worm undergoes while in the pupa, before it can burst forth a glittering fly.

On that same night, on which the angels had come to lead the babies into heaven, Harry dreamed a dream about them. He thought he saw them stretched upon the ground, their once full lips thin and purple, and their cheeks once rosy as the morning, all pale and sunken. And he thought that he spoke to them, but they did not answer, — called to them many times, but they lay pale and silent there, like two little statues of marble. He touched one of the white cheeks; it was cold as snow.

Suddenly he awoke, and, in the solemn stillness of the lonely midnight, he determined to hasten back in search of them. Before the morning had dawned,

he was on his way to the forest. When he had reached it, he sought for the large stone, upon which he had left the children, shouting aloud as he went. But no answer was returned, to gladden him with the assurance that they were still alive. Not a sound did he hear, save the singing of the birds, and the murmuring of the wind in the tops of the tall trees.

"Alas! alas!" he cried, "they have perished, cruel wretch that I was, to leave them here. Less cruel had I been, if I had buried my knife in their bosoms, and murdered them at once, as poor Tom would have done." After wandering about for a long time, he at length found the rock. But the rock lay there alone and silent. It could not tell him of the children; and the rose-bushes and

columbines, that clustered around it, knew not whither they had gone. He called again and again, but still all was silent save the wind and the birds.

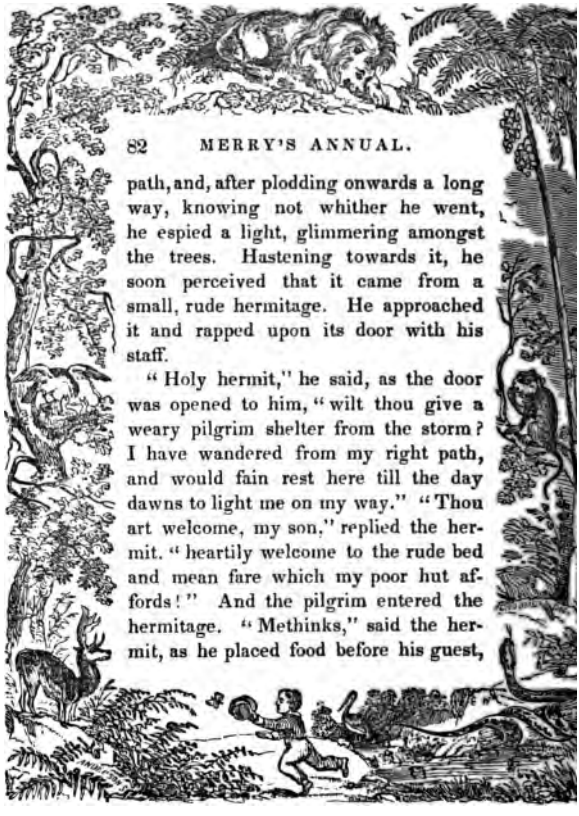
Perhaps, thought he, they may have been saved; some one may have found them and rescued them from the dreadful fate to which I so heartlessly would have abandoned them. "But no! no!" he cried, as he perceived, lying upon the grass, the little boy's straw hat, full of withered violets and columbines, "it is more probable that they are lying dead, somewhere hereabouts." He looked anxiously around, and soon he saw the two little babies, — for the wind had blown many of the leaves away; — he sprang towards them, crying, "Children! children! do ye sleep, or are ye dead?"

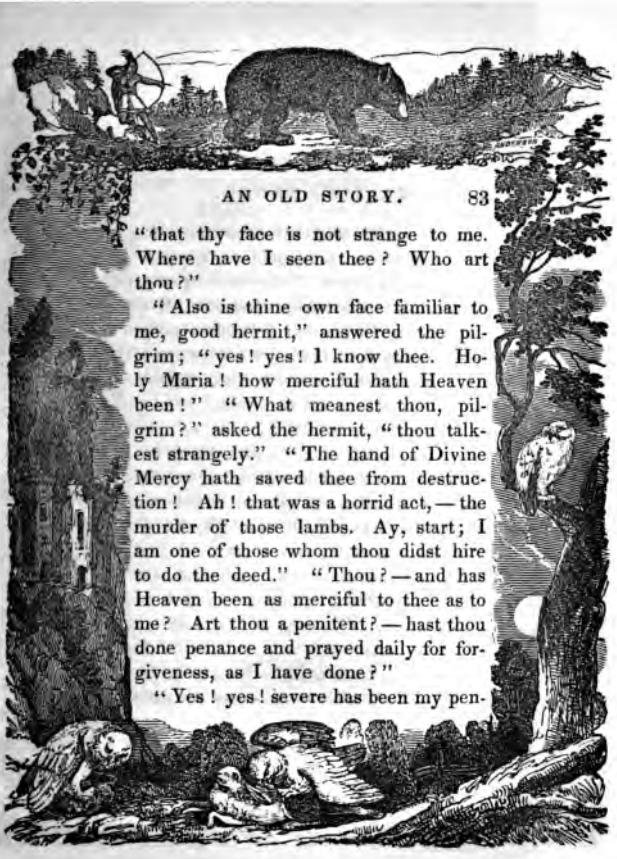
When he was close beside them and saw how thin and pale were their faces, he laid his hand upon the brow of one of them. "Cold as marble!" he cried. "Poor lambs! poor lambs! Cruelly have I murdered ye! Ah, had I come but one day sooner!" He took hold of one of the little arms, it was very stiff. He gazed upon the pale and sunken cheeks, and thin purple lips, as he had done in his dream; and, while he gazed, tears filled the rude ruffian's eyes, and he threw himself down upon the ground, and burying his face in his hands, he cried, "Can I, can I be forgiven? Will the mercy of Heaven reach so far?"

A few years had gone by, when late one night, amid darkness and storm, a pilgrim, wandering through the forest in which the babies had died, lost his

path, and, after plodding onwards a long way, knowing not whither he went, he espied a light, glimmering amongst the trees. Hastening towards it, he soon perceived that it came from a small, rude hermitage. He approached it and rapped upon its door with his staff.

"Holy hermit," he said, as the door was opened to him, "wilt thou give a weary pilgrim shelter from the storm? I have wandered from my right path, and would fain rest here till the day dawns to light me on my way." "Thou art welcome, my son," replied the hermit. "heartily welcome to the rude bed and mean fare which my poor hut affords!" And the pilgrim entered the hermitage. "Methinks," said the hermit, as he placed food before his guest,





"that thy face is not strange to me. Where have I seen thee? Who art thou?"

"Also is thine own face familiar to me, good hermit," answered the pilgrim; "yes! yes! I know thee. Holy Maria! how merciful hath Heaven been!" "What meanest thou, pilgrim?" asked the hermit, "thou talkest strangely." "The hand of Divine Mercy hath saved thee from destruction! Ah! that was a horrid act, — the murder of those lambs. Ay, start; I am one of those whom thou didst hire to do the deed." "Thou? — and has Heaven been as merciful to thee as to me? Art thou a penitent? — hast thou done penance and prayed daily for forgiveness, as I have done?"

"Yes! yes! severe has been my pen-

ance, and unceasing my prayers; nor have they been vain, for I now enjoy peace and happiness. "Of earthly goods I possess but little, and I want but little. In my soul there is a joy which the world can neither give nor take away; and I look down upon worldly goods and honors as poor dross, which I would scarcely stoop to pick up."

And then Harry told the penitent uncle how he had killed his companion, that he might save the lives of the babies, and how he had left them in the wood to starve.

ANECDOTE OF A WASP.

Dr. Darwin gives the following curious account of a wasp. As he was walking one day in his garden, he perceived one of these insects upon the gravel walk, with a large fly nearly as big as itself, which it had caught. Kneeling down, he distinctly saw it cut off the head, and then, taking up with its feet the trunk to which the wings were attached, it flew away; but a breeze of wind acting on the wings of the fly, turned the wasp round with its burden, and impeded its progress. Upon this, it alighted again on the gravel walk, deliberately sawed off first one wing and then the other, and having thus removed the cause of its embarrassment, flew off with its booty.

INGENUITY OF A HEDGEHOG.

During the summer of 1818, as Mr. Lane, a game-keeper in Scotland, was passing near a wood, he saw a hedgehog, crossing the road at a small distance before him, carrying on its back six pheasant's eggs, which, upon examination, he found it had pilfered from a nest hard by. The ingenuity of the creature was very conspicuous, as several of the remaining eggs had holes in them, which must have been done when in the act of rolling itself over the nest, in order to make as many adhere to its prickles as possible. After watching the motions of the animal a short time, Mr. Lane saw it creep slowly into a furze bush, where the shells of several eggs were

strewed round, which had doubtless been conveyed thither in a similar manner.

IMITATIVE POWERS OF THE BABOON.

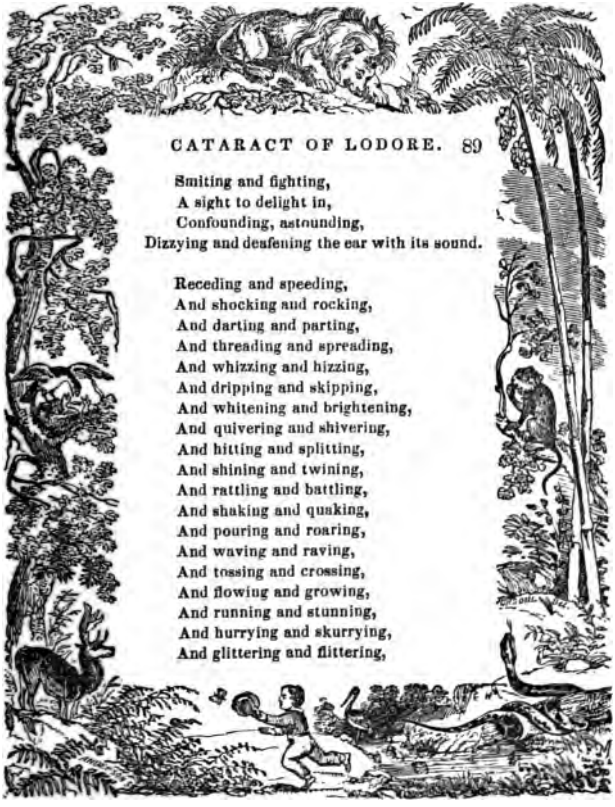
The army of Alexander the Great marched in complete battle-array into a country inhabited by numbers of baboons, and encamped there for the night. The next morning, when the army was about to proceed on its march, the soldiers saw, at some distance, an enormous number of baboons, drawn up in rank and file, like a small army, with such regularity, that the army, who could have no idea of such a manœuvre imagined, at first, that it was [illegible] my drawn up to receive them.

THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

There is a beautiful waterfall in England, which Mr. Southey has described in the following whimsical way.

How does the water come down at Lodore ?
Here it comes sparkling,
And there it lies darkling;
Here smoking and frothing,
Its tumult and wrath in,
It hastens along, conflicting strong;
Now striking and raging,
As if a war waging,
Its caverns and rocks among.

Rising and leaping,
Sinking and creeping,
Swelling and flinging,
Showering and springing,
Eddying and whisking,
Spouting and frisking,
Turning and twisting,
Around and around;
Collecting, disjecting,
With endless rebound:



Smiting and fighting,
A sight to delight in,
Confounding, astounding,
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Receding and speeding,
And shocking and rocking,
And darting and parting,
And threading and spreading,
And whizzing and hizzing,
And dripping and skipping,
And whitening and brightening,
And quivering and shivering,
And hitting and splitting,
And shining and twining,
And rattling and battling,
And shaking and quaking,
And pouring and roaring,
And waving and raving,
And tossing and crossing,
And flowing and growing,
And running and stunning,
And hurrying and skurrying,
And glittering and flittering,

And gathering and feathering,
And dinning and spinning,
And foaming and roaming,
And dropping and hopping,
And working and jerking,
And gurgling and struggling,
And heaving and cleaving,
And thundering and floundering.

And falling, and brawling, and sprawling,
And driving, and riving, and striving,
And sprinkling, and twinkling, and wrinkling,
And sounding, and bounding, and rounding,
And bubbling, and troubling, and doubling,
Dividing, and gliding, and sliding,
And grumbling, and rumbling, and tumbling,
And clattering, and battering, and shattering.

And gleaming, and streaming, and steaming, and beaming,
And rushing, and flushing, and brushing, and gushing,
And flapping, and rapping, and clapping, and slapping,

And curling, and whirling, and purling, and twirling,
Retreating. and meeting, and beating, and sheeting,
Delaying, and straying, and playing, and spraying.
Advancing, and prancing, and glancing, and dancing,
Recoiling, turmoiling, and toiling, and boiling,
And thumping, and slumping, and bumping, and jumping,
And dashing, and flashing, and splashing, and clashing.

And so never ending, but always descending,
Sounds and motions for ever and ever are blending,
All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar,
And this way the water comes down at Lodore.

CUNNING STRATAGEM.

Mr. Dellon kept a tiger for several months, which was secured to his cage by a strong chain. The animal was cunning enough to scatter a portion of the rice that was set before him, all around the front of his den, in order to entice the neighboring poultry to come and pick it up. The tiger then pretended to be asleep, in order to induce the hens to approach nearer, when he suddenly sprang upon them, and seldom failed to make several of them his prey.

SINGULAR DISPLAY OF CAUTION.

An ichneumon, which animal feeds upon serpents, had one presented to him

once in a closed room; but, instead of attacking it, he did all in his power to keep out of its way. On the snake being carried out of the house, and laid near the ichneumon in the open air, the animal immediately darted at it, and made a meal of it with great apparent satisfaction. It then disappeared a few minutes, but soon returned, having in the mean time eaten some herbs which are an antidote to the poison of snakes.

NICE DISTINCTION.

In the kitchen garden of Mr. Clouston, in Orkney, a wild duck hatched a brood for two successive seasons, and became so tame, that a person might ap-

proach her, while sitting on her nest. The second winter she remained about the banks of the lake with her brood. One of her young ones joined some tame ducks belonging to Mr. Clouston, and accompanied them to the house; where it no sooner made its appearance, than the cat, who never interfered with the tame ones, sprang upon it, carried it off, and made a meal of it.

OLD ALVARUS, THE MISER.

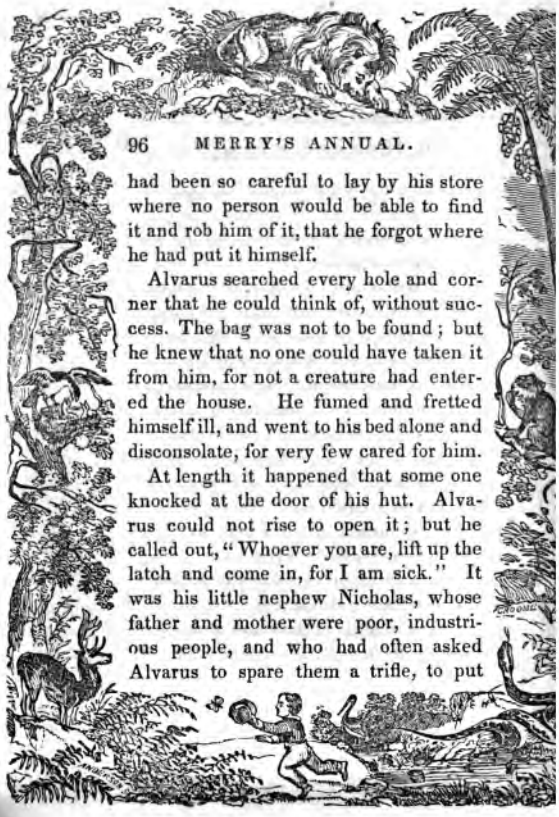
The excessive desire of wealth, called Avarice, is a most extraordinary passion, as it defeats the very end which it wishes to produce, an enjoyment of the rational pleasures and comforts of life; for the miser lays up hoard upon hoard, and still remains unsatisfied; he punishes himself continually; he submits to the derision, the reproaches, and contempt of the world; he has few enjoyments, and no friends; and, besides, he suffers constant dread and apprehension of being robbed of his guineas; he suspects everybody. Such a character had Alvarus.

He was an old miser, who constantly kept his guineas in a bag, which he used to hide in the most secret place he could find in his apartments. He

had been so careful to lay by his store where no person would be able to find it and rob him of it, that he forgot where he had put it himself.

Alvarus searched every hole and corner that he could think of, without success. The bag was not to be found; but he knew that no one could have taken it from him, for not a creature had entered the house. He fumed and fretted himself ill, and went to his bed alone and disconsolate, for very few cared for him.

At length it happened that some one knocked at the door of his hut. Alvarus could not rise to open it; but he called out, "Whoever you are, lift up the latch and come in, for I am sick." It was his little nephew Nicholas, whose father and mother were poor, industrious people, and who had often asked Alvarus to spare them a trifle, to put



them in some little way of business, to make their way in the world; but he had always refused them; he would not part with a sixpence.

The father and mother of Nicholas had, nevertheless, sent him to inquire after the health of his uncle. He was a fine little boy, with the color of the carnation upon his cheeks, and with a brave, open countenance. The old man surveyed him from head to foot. "What, Nicholas," cried he, "is it you? How are your father and mother? I am ill, Nicholas, very ill."

Nicholas asked if he could do any thing for his uncle? Alvarus began to reflect. "I might as well," said he to himself, "have no wealth, if I am to suffer illness without help or relief, and I shall perhaps die for want of medical

assistance; yet whom can I trust to seek for this money?" He looked again at Nicholas; he saw honesty in his face. "This boy," said he, "knows nothing of the world. I think that I need not be afraid to trust him."

"Nicholas, my dear Nicholas," said he, "I wish that you would seek for an old bag, which you will find in some corner or other; it is heavy, but what is in it is not of much use to anybody, and you must not look into it upon any account." Nicholas answered in a very artless manner, that he would not look into it for the world, if his uncle forbade it. "Well, then," said Alvarus, "go and look all about, and in every corner, as I have occasion for it."

Nicholas, who was a very clever and persevering lad, searched place after place, until at length, in a dark hole

under the sink, he found the bag and carried it immediately to his uncle. Alvarus was quite delighted, when he saw the bag unopened. "That is a good boy," said he; "now then, go for the doctor, and tell him to come to me, for I am very sick indeed."

Nicholas ran all the way for the doctor, and when he returned, it was but reasonable to expect that old Alvarus would have given him a trifle of money. He however contented himself with giving him only thanks, and Nicholas was going home when the doctor entered.

The doctor felt the miser's pulse, and found him in a very bad way. "I am afraid it is too late," said he; "I should have been sent for before." He moreover told Nicholas that his uncle could not be left. Nicholas therefore promised

to return, as soon as he had made his father and mother acquainted with the situation he had left him in; but the miser absolutely forbade him to bring them with him. Alvarus grew worse; the doctor gave him medicines, but in vain; when he thought it proper to tell him, that there were no hopes of his recovery, and advised him to settle his affairs without delay.

Alvarus was very much affected at this news. "What," said he, "have I been laying up hoard upon hoard only to leave it behind me? What enjoyment have I had? What delight has this world afforded me? I have been poor in the midst of riches, and have starved in abundance. I might have been happy myself, and I might have made others happy. I have neglected the opportu-

nity, and, before I have tasted refreshment, I expire on my journey."

The doctor asked the old miser again about his affairs. "If I die," said he, "I leave what little I have to this boy, my nephew Nicholas. The doctor took his leave, and Alvarus addressed his nephew as follows. "Nicholas," said he, "take care of this bag for me; I shall fall asleep presently, for I feel heavy; there is not anything worth having in it; *it is full of rubbish;* nevertheless some people would be base enough to wish to take it from me." Alvarus fell into a sleep, from which he never awoke again. Nicholas called to him; he did not answer.

Nicholas ran for his father and mother; they arrived, but the miser was no more. Nicholas told them the story of

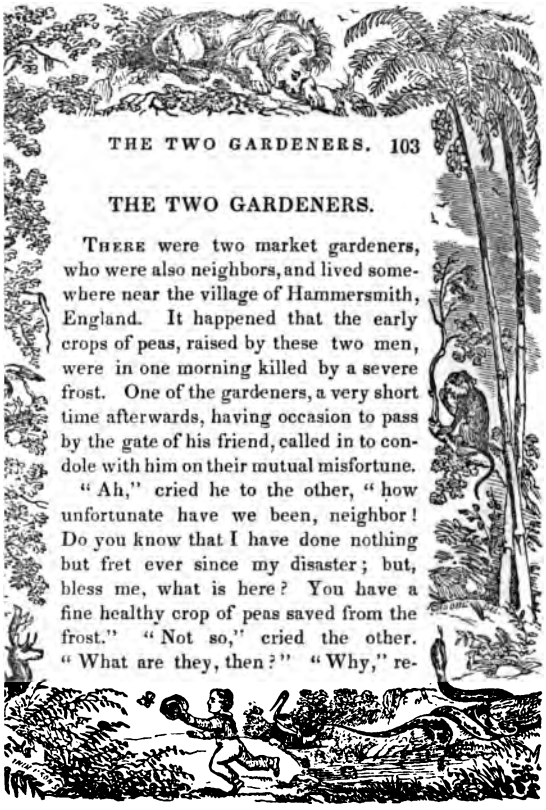
the bag, which they opened, and found full of guineas. The doctor confirmed the story of Nicholas, and that the property was his right. The father and mother of Nicholas shed tears at the death of Alvarus; nevertheless they said, "How good and wonderful is Providence! It appeared only by chance, that our son should happen to go on that day to inquire after his uncle, who had then mislaid his treasure. Providence has put it in its proper channel. Let us bury Alvarus with respect, and mourn not so much that he is dead, as that when living he never enjoyed life."

Nicholas succeeded to the wealth of his uncle, which was improved by the industry and care of his parents; and, from being a poor lad, Nicholas is now an opulent farmer.

THE TWO GARDENERS.

THERE were two market gardeners, who were also neighbors, and lived somewhere near the village of Hammersmith, England. It happened that the early crops of peas, raised by these two men, were in one morning killed by a severe frost. One of the gardeners, a very short time afterwards, having occasion to pass by the gate of his friend, called in to condole with him on their mutual misfortune.

"Ah," cried he to the other, "how unfortunate have we been, neighbor! Do you know that I have done nothing but fret ever since my disaster; but, bless me, what is here? You have a fine healthy crop of peas saved from the frost." "Not so," cried the other. "What are they, then?" "Why," re-



turned the other gardener, "these are what I sowed immediately after my loss." "What, coming up already?" cried the fretter. "Yes."

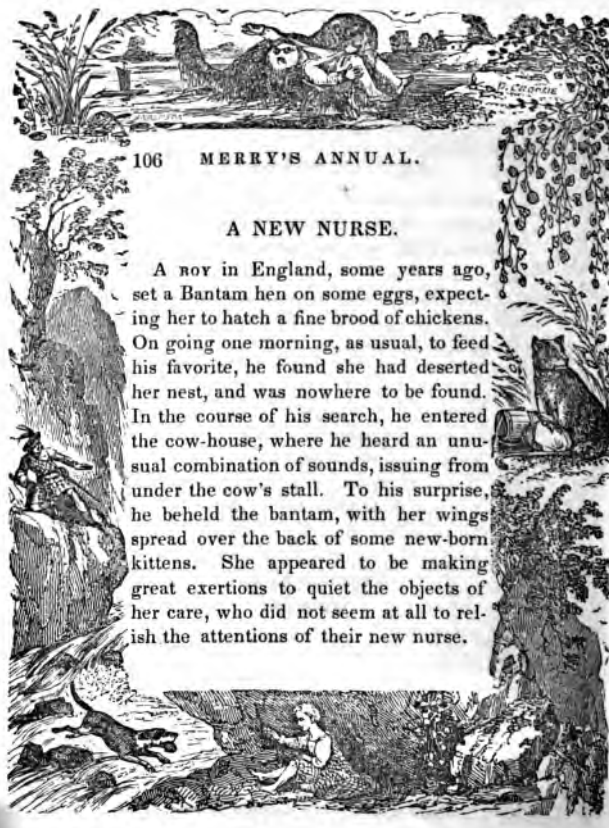
"Bless me, how is that?" "Why, while you were fretting, I was working, that 's all." "What, and don't you fret when you have a loss?" "To be sure I do." "Well, how then?" "Why, though I do fret, I always put it off until after I have repaired the mischief." "Lord, why then you have no occasion to fret at all." "True," replied the industrious gardener, "and that is the very reason; the less one frets the better."

I trust, my young friends, that I need not tell you the moral of this little fable, because I am sure that you have all of you good sense enough to find it out; but as you may like to hear it from

me, I will tell it you: — That the pleasantest reflection you can have of a misfortune is, that you have been able by your industry to repair it. And it is really astonishing, how many mischiefs might be *repaired* by a little trouble and patient industry.

A NEW NURSE.

A boy in England, some years ago, set a Bantam hen on some eggs, expecting her to hatch a fine brood of chickens. On going one morning, as usual, to feed his favorite, he found she had deserted her nest, and was nowhere to be found. In the course of his search, he entered the cow-house, where he heard an unusual combination of sounds, issuing from under the cow's stall. To his surprise, he beheld the bantam, with her wings spread over the back of some new-born kittens. She appeared to be making great exertions to quiet the objects of her care, who did not seem at all to relish the attentions of their new nurse.



THE TWO FISHERMEN.

Two fishermen, named Matthew and Gerard, who lived in a small village near the Mediterranean, and who had each of them a large family, and were very poor, were out one day drawing their nets, when one of them, Gerard, called out to the other, that he had drawn ashore a small casket, which was extremely heavy; and he begged the other to assist him to force it open, when he found it full of precious stones, carefully inclosed in cotton.

The fisherman who had found the treasure, very fairly and justly told the other that he should go shares; and, overjoyed, ran home directly to his wife, to tell her the good news. The other

fisherman, who was older and more careful, stayed to put his nets in order before he followed, and was very kindly doing the same office for his friend, when he discovered another casket among the meshes of the net, which his comrade had overlooked, full of the like treasure, and which he put in his pocket.

When the old fisherman returned to the village, which was no great way from the sea-shore, he found the house of his comrade surrounded by people. In short, poor Gerard's rapture had occasioned him to tell every creature he met of his good fortune, and they had followed him in a mass. One gave him a piece of advice; another put in a claim for favor; a third offered to get him a market for the diamonds at a friend's. In short, he was almost torn to pieces

by the officious kindness of his neighbors; and, in his perplexity, he sold his treasure for less than half its value, to an old Jew, who, on hearing the news, had hastened all the way from Marseilles to the spot, to make a good bargain.

The old fisherman said nothing about his luck until night, when he was at supper with his wife; and she being a prudent woman, though she felt a great deal of joy that her dear children would be better clothed and fed, yet it was joy with tranquillity. They neither of them suffered their good success to run away with their reason. It was therefore determined between themselves, that Matthew should go the next day to Marseilles, where dwelt a respectable Armenian merchant, and get a fair price from

him for the precious stones he had had the luck to find.

The next day, the old fisherman set out on his journey, without saying a word to anybody, and returned home laden with *louis d'ors*, in addition to the small sum which was the moiety of what the other fisherman had honestly shared with him.

In a very few months, it happened that the younger fisherman, Gerard, owing to his excess of joy which made him insensible of what he was about, and the folly of his young wife, who spent a great deal in dress, while he was giving, lending, and throwing away his money, was reduced at length to poverty, and had nothing left to do but to take to business again.

He was lamenting one morning not

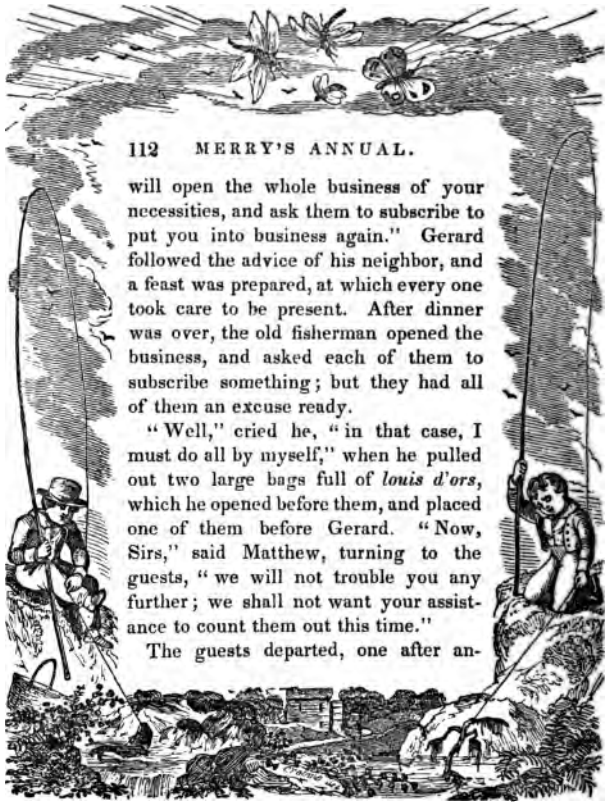
having sufficient to purchase nets, and was mending the old ones to go out a fishing, when his neighbor, Matthew, came to the gate. "I thought," cried he, "that you had left off fishing, and that you lived upon the interest of the money you got for your pearls and diamonds; or, perhaps, you are going out for pleasure." "Alas," cried Gerard, "it is not so; I have given away and spent all that I had." "Well, but," said he, "those you have done service to will never let you want a little money to purchase nets; they have had plenty from you." "I have but little hopes of them," answered Gerard.

"Well," said the old fisherman, "at any rate, give them the trial; invite all your neighbors and friends to a feast, and after they have regaled themselves, I

will open the whole business of your necessities, and ask them to subscribe to put you into business again." Gerard followed the advice of his neighbor, and a feast was prepared, at which every one took care to be present. After dinner was over, the old fisherman opened the business, and asked each of them to subscribe something; but they had all of them an excuse ready.

"Well," cried he, "in that case, I must do all by myself," when he pulled out two large bags full of *louis d'ors*, which he opened before them, and placed one of them before Gerard. "Now, Sirs," said Matthew, turning to the guests, "we will not trouble you any further; we shall not want your assistance to count them out this time."

The guests departed, one after an-



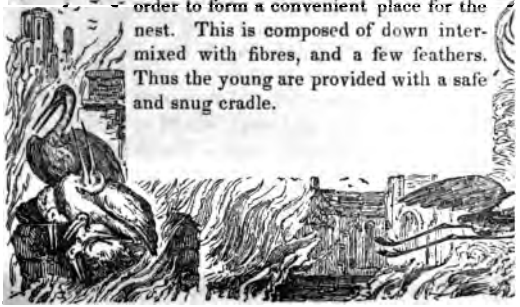
other, not a little chagrined at this unexpected turn; and Matthew explained to Gerard that the money was his right; that he had kept it for him, that it might not fall into such bad hands as his former treasure. All now was joy, but it was joy with tranquillity; and Gerard, delighted with the wisdom, as well as with the honesty of his friend, begged him to keep it for him, and that he would draw for what he might have occasion.

THE TAILOR BIRD.

This interesting little bird is only three inches and a half long; it is of an olive color, with a white breast. Dwell-

ing in countries where snakes and monkeys are formidable enemies to birds, committing incessant depredations on their nests, this ingenious little workman makes a leaf its cradle, at the extremity of a twig, rocking to and fro in the breeze.

If this leaf is large enough, it draws the edges together, so as to form a pouch, the end of which is drawn up to support the nest within; but if it is not sufficiently large, others growing near it, or sometimes a dead one, is sewed to it, in order to form a convenient place for the nest. This is composed of down intermixed with fibres, and a few feathers. Thus the young are provided with a safe and snug cradle.



THE RAVEN.

A GENTLEMAN who resided at Hampshire, in England, had a tame raven which frequently used to hop about the verge of the forest, and chatter to every one it met One day, a person travelling through the woods was much surprised to hear the following exclamation. "Fair play, gentlemen! Fair play, gentlemen! fair play!" The traveller looking round to discover from whence the voice came, to his great astonishment, beheld no human being near. But hearing the cry of "Fair play" again repeated, he thought it must proceed from some fellow creature in distress. He immediately rushed into that part of the forest from whence the cries came, where, to

his amazement, the first objects he beheld, were two ravens combating a third with great fury, while the sufferer, which proved to be the tame one aforesaid, kept loudly vociferating "Fair play, gentlemen!" which so diverted the traveller that he instantly rescued the oppressed bird by driving away his adversaries; and was highly pleased with his morning's adventure.

THE PARROT.

Some years ago, a parrot in Boston, that had been taught to whistle in the manner of calling a dog, was sitting in his cage at the door of a shop. As he was exercising himself in this kind of whistle, a large dog happened to be pass-

ing the spot; the animal imagining that he heard the call of his master, turned suddenly about and ran towards the cage of the parrot. At this critical moment, the bird exclaimed vehemently, "Get out, you brute!" The astonished dog hastily retreated, leaving the parrot to enjoy the joke.

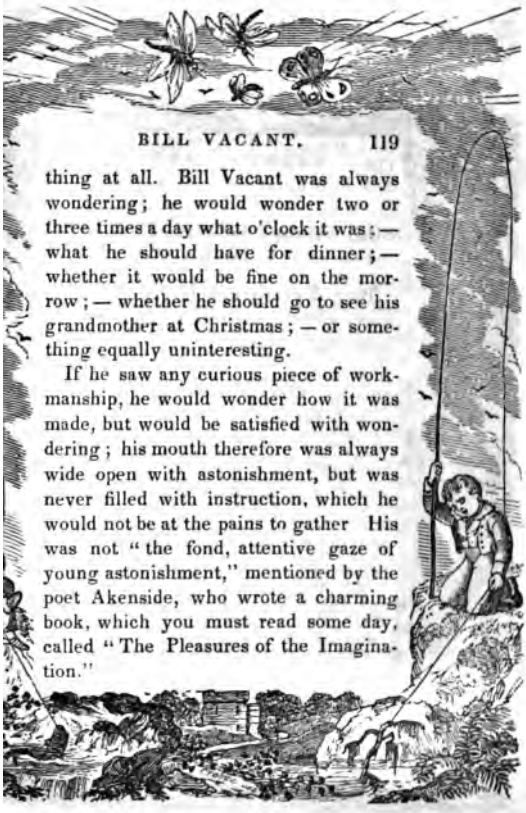
BILL VACANT AND HENRY HAWKSEYE.

Bill Vacant and Henry Hawkseye were school-fellows of much about the same age. Henry Hawkseye was a clever, intelligent boy, who was always seeking after knowledge, and taking great pains to acquire it. When he saw anything new or curious, he was not contented with wishing that he knew what it was, but he always set to work seriously to find out everything about it, and, if it was a piece of mechanism, how it was made.

Bill Vacant, on the other hand, always looked as if he was very deeply engaged in thought, when the truth was, that he was not thinking of any-

thing at all. Bill Vacant was always wondering; he would wonder two or three times a day what o'clock it was; — what he should have for dinner; — whether it would be fine on the morrow; — whether he should go to see his grandmother at Christmas; — or something equally uninteresting.

If he saw any curious piece of workmanship, he would wonder how it was made, but would be satisfied with wondering; his mouth therefore was always wide open with astonishment, but was never filled with instruction, which he would not be at the pains to gather His was not "the fond, attentive gaze of young astonishment," mentioned by the poet Akenside, who wrote a charming book, which you must read some day, called "The Pleasures of the Imagination."



Bill Vacant was always gazing, it is true, but to very little purpose; he was not only ignorant, but likely to continue so all his life. And so it turned out; for Henry Hawkseye, having reflected that his father was not rich, and that he would have to get his own living in the world, bent his thoughts towards a profession, and fixed upon the law. Henry was presently a student in the Temple, and paid so much attention to his studies, that he very soon became much resorted to, to draw pleadings; and it was not many years before he made a handsome fortune.

Bill Vacant, whose friends also had nothing to give him, was all this time wondering what would be the best line that he could embark in; but, as he was ignorant of everything, he found it so

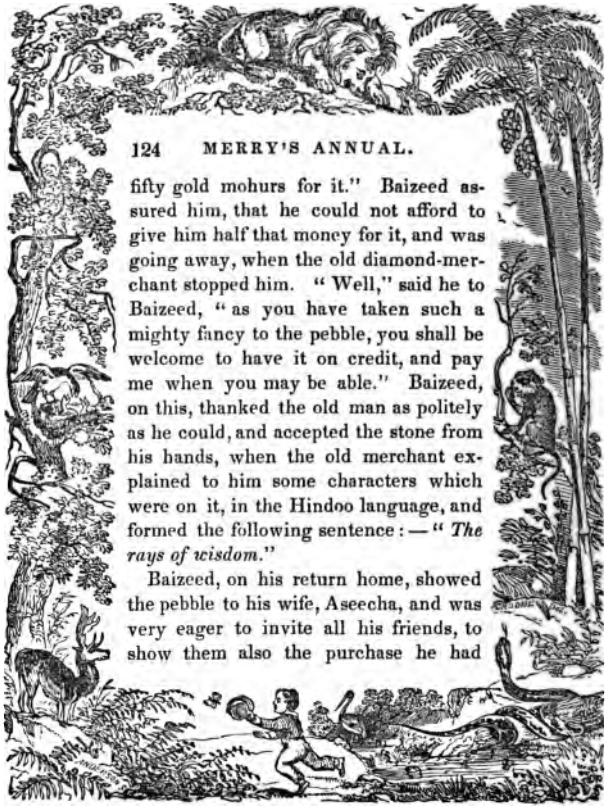
difficult to determine, that day succeeded day in slothful idleness. One instant he would commence merchant; the next he would go to sea; then he would volunteer his services in the army; in either of which lines, if he had had perseverance, he might have in a measure succeeded.

The truth was, that poor Bill Vacant was always wondering what would be the best for him, when, in fact, he had better have taken up anything than have wondered any longer about it. However, unhappily for him, he continued wondering all his life; and when he was old and poor, all that he had to wonder at was, that other people had succeeded in the world so much better than himself.

THE MERCHANT AND THE BLACK PEBBLE.

In the city of Peristan, which is a province of Cashmere, in Hindostan, lived a merchant, named Baizeed. He was a very good young man, but was so generous and prodigal of his money, and so very good-natured, that anybody might get it from him; and the patrimony he had received from his father was almost spent As Baizeed was walking one day through the streets of Peristan, he met an old man, with a small bag in his hand, who accosted him, and asked if he would choose to buy any pearls or precious stones? Baizeed had the curiosity or desire to look at them; and the old merchant seated himself under the por-

tico of a house, where he displayed his goods. Baizeed looked at them one by one; but his attention was chiefly taken up with a small black pebble, which had on it some marks of gold, resembling in form the rays of the sun. Baizeed inquired particularly about this stone, which the merchant told him was of considerable value, though it only appeared as a common black pebble; that it was a talisman, invented by the magician Mahoud; and that in all cases of extremity or danger, it would give the owner the most faithful counsel of the good genii. Baizeed, on this, laid the pebble down, giving up all thoughts of purchasing it, as he supposed its price to be infinitely out of his reach. "I do not wish to enhance the value of the pebble," said the old man; "I only ask

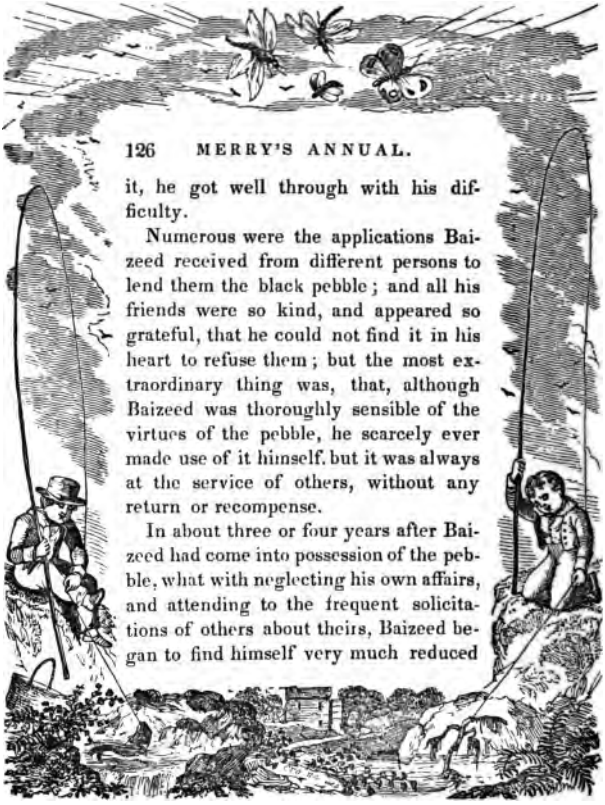


fifty gold mohurs for it." Baizeed assured him, that he could not afford to give him half that money for it, and was going away, when the old diamond-merchant stopped him. "Well," said he to Baizeed, "as you have taken such a mighty fancy to the pebble, you shall be welcome to have it on credit, and pay me when you may be able." Baizeed, on this, thanked the old man as politely as he could, and accepted the stone from his hands, when the old merchant explained to him some characters which were on it, in the Hindoo language, and formed the following sentence: — "*The rays of wisdom.*"

Baizeed, on his return home, showed the pebble to his wife, Aseecha, and was very eager to invite all his friends, to show them also the purchase he had

been so lucky as to make, and invited them to a feast for that purpose. When Baizeed's friends were met together, one examined it carefully, another liked its curious appearance, and a third wished him to make an immediate experiment of its virtues. Baizeed was not long waiting an opportunity. One of his neighbors being engaged in a lawsuit, was very anxious to know what he should do in the affair, and intreated him to try the effect of the magic pebble.

Baizeed took a small flint in his hand, and, upon striking it against the stone, at the first blow, the liquid fire came forth from it, and running upon the ground, immediately formed the word, "*Truth*." The counsel which the talisman gave was attended to by the neighbor of Baizeed; and, by following



it, he got well through with his difficulty.

Numerous were the applications Baizeed received from different persons to lend them the black pebble; and all his friends were so kind, and appeared so grateful, that he could not find it in his heart to refuse them; but the most extraordinary thing was, that, although Baizeed was thoroughly sensible of the virtues of the pebble, he scarcely ever made use of it himself, but it was always at the service of others, without any return or recompense.

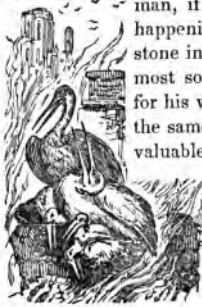
In about three or four years after Baizeed had come into possession of the pebble, what with neglecting his own affairs, and attending to the frequent solicitations of others about theirs, Baizeed began to find himself very much reduced

in his circumstances; and, in addition to this folly of attempting to oblige everybody, being naturally of a gay and cheerful disposition, he was constantly giving entertainments, for the sake of having the society of his friends.

Among others who had the free use of the talisman, was a neighbor of Baizeed's, named Daoud, who had always been welcome to his house, and whom he had done everything to serve; in short, Daoud had as much use of the pebble as Baizeed; he had it upon every occasion he wished, and always smiled so graciously, and professed so much friendship to Baizeed, that it was impossible to refuse him.

Baizeed's wife, Aseecha, loved her husband very much, and frequently entreated him to be more careful of the

valuable treasure he had, and to turn the magic pebble to advantage; but unhappily he neglected her counsel, and, at length, what with the waste of time, and seeing company to show off the talisman, his situation became desperate; when he thought it best to call on his friend Daoud, to explain to him his circumstances, and to consult what was best to be done, as he was afraid his creditors would take the pebble from him. Daoud begged him not to despond, and assured him, that he would take care of the talisman, if he was afraid of any mischief happening to him. Baizeed put the stone in his hands, requiring him, in the most solemn manner, to make use of it for his wife and family; offering him, at the same time, a reasonable share of that valuable treasure for his trouble.



Daoud promised to do according to the wishes of Baizeed, who retired to a small village near the fountain of Shookroach, whose waters bestow peace, leaving Daoud in possession of the talisman.

Baizeed waited many days patiently, in hopes of seeing his friend Daoud with a supply of money for his wife. Aseecha was very much distressed, and his children had had nothing to live upon but a small bag of rice and a few dried fishes, which were almost gone. Daoud, however, never came near Baizeed; and presently he was informed, that he had got into his house, and had made himself acquainted with all his friends and creditors, and that he was turning the talisman to his own advantage solely. Baizeed began now to blame his folly, for

having intrusted the only valuable he had left, to so sordid a being.

Baizeed went to Daoud, to complain of his ill treatment; but that wicked wretch insisted he owed him more money than the pebble was worth; and Baizeed was too poor to get redress.

At length, when Baizeed had given himself up to despair, and was sitting at his door in a pensive attitude, he saw the old diamond-merchant, who sold him the pebble, approach. Baizeed was quite distressed as to what he should say to him; but thought, very properly, that the truth was the best. He therefore told him the whole story of his imprudence. "Well," cried the old man, "you have suffered sufficiently for your good nature; though you have lost the talisman

by your folly, the good Bramah * will not punish you too severely. Come with me, and we will go disguised as two calenders † to the house of Daoud.

Baizeed prepared to follow the old man; and, at length, having procured the dresses of calenders, they set out on their journey, and arrived at the house of Daoud, as he was seated at the head of his table, feasting with the great men of Peristan. The calenders, according to the custom in the East, were invited to take refreshment, and Baizeed seated himself at the lower end of the table of his perfidious friend.

After dinner Daoud began to speak of the virtues of the talisman; and the Viceroy of the Sultan Shahabeddeen,

* The Eastern name for God.
† Wandering Mahometan monks.

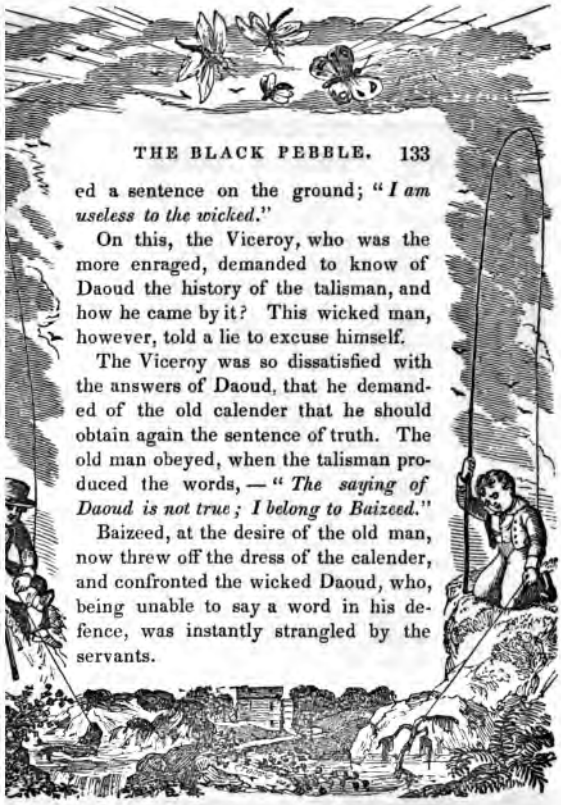
who was present, was desirous that he should display its wonders before him. Daoud called for the pebble, and struck it with the flint; but the liquid flame did not issue from it. He tried again and again, but it was all in vain. The Viceroy, who considered that Daoud had imposed upon him, was highly incensed, and ordered his black servants, who were in waiting, to inflict the punishment of the bowstring. It was in vain that he supplicated; the Viceroy commanded that he should die, unless he could, within ten minutes, produce the sentence of truth from the talisman. Daoud attempted once more, but all was fruitless; when the old merchant took up the pebble, and striking it with the flint, the flame immediately issued, and form-

ed a sentence on the ground; "*I am useless to the wicked.*"

On this, the Viceroy, who was the more enraged, demanded to know of Daoud the history of the talisman, and how he came by it? This wicked man, however, told a lie to excuse himself.

The Viceroy was so dissatisfied with the answers of Daoud, that he demanded of the old calender that he should obtain again the sentence of truth. The old man obeyed, when the talisman produced the words, — "*The saying of Daoud is not true; I belong to Baizeed.*"

Baizeed, at the desire of the old man, now threw off the dress of the calender, and confronted the wicked Daoud, who, being unable to say a word in his defence, was instantly strangled by the servants.



The Viceroy ordered the pebble to be restored to Baizeed, who returned home, transported with joy at having found his precious talisman.

As soon as Baizeed entered the door of his house, he endeavored to obtain the sentence of wisdom from the magic pebble; but it only produced the words, —"*I am useless to the imprudent.*"

Baizeed was again in anguish and despair, when the old man entered, and told him, that the virtue of the talisman would not return to it again until he had, by hard labor, rubbed the pebble so bright, that the rays which had disappeared should again become visible. Baizeed bore this disappointment very patiently, and returned home to his wife Aseecha. He then set to work every day rubbing the pebble, but no rays appear-

ed. At length, after a little time, he began just to see a glimpse of them, and, by persevering, they were once more restored. Baizeed now summoned his friends to a feast, at which they appeared again very readily; but, when they required the counsel of the talisman, Baizeed demanded from them a recompense for the benefit they would receive, in consequence of which. he got several large sums of money; and having found the old man, offered to pay him the fifty gold mohurs, when the merchant said, "I am richly repaid by your being sensible of the value of the pebble. My son, the mighty Bramah is well pleased when he observes in his children an ingenuous heart and kind disposition; but dangerous is even the love of our fellow-creatures, if we are weak enough to yield

to the sweet voice of deceit. Baizeed was tired with the magic pebble, and he squandered away its blessings. The wicked Daoud, whose imagination was at work to obtain the goods of Baizeed, was made the instrument for punishing thy weakness; but he was to become an example also, that vice never prospers. The magic pebble lost its power in his hands, and the object of his covetousness was the cause of his death."

As the old man spoke, Baizeed observed, that rays of celestial flame surrounded his head, and that his garment was changed into a robe of the purest white. The place was filled with the fragrance of myrrh, aloes, sandal-wood, the jessamine flower, and the rose.

Baizeed fell prostrate on his face; it was the good genius Zermud, who had

appeared as the old merchant. "Blessed," said he, "are the good, and powerful are those who trust in Bramah." With these words the genius disappeared, and Baizeed returned home to his faithful Aseecha, satisfied of the goodness of Providence, and resolved never again to forfeit the blessings of the talisman.

The first part of the following article is extracted from "The Third Reader," published by Messrs. Otis, Broaders, and Co., and, with their consent, it is inserted here. The second part is original.

THE DANGER OF AN EVIL ADVISER.

A DIALOGUE. PART I.

Thomas. What 's your hurry, Frank? stop a minute.

Frank. I can't stay! Father sent me with this letter to the railroad depôt.

Thomas. Well, — the depôt won't run away.

Frank. But the cars will; there 's a gentleman going to New York, he promised to carry this letter, and there 's money in it for my brother.

Thomas. But don't you see it 's but ten minutes past three, — and the cars don't start till four, and you have time enough for what I want of you.

Frank. Well, what do you want?

Thomas. Just step in here to see the wild beasts with me; you have never been, have you?

Frank. No; I 'll go when I come back from my errand.

Thomas. No, you can't, for then it will be time to go to the writing-master.

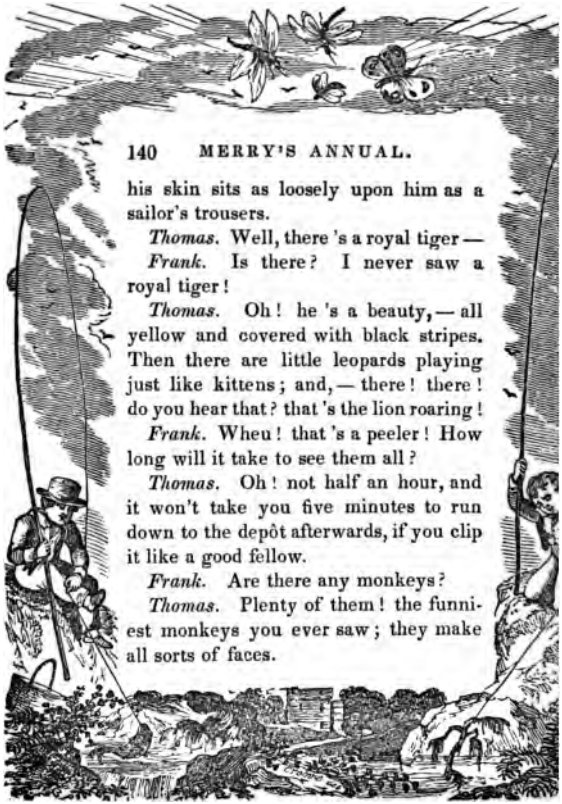
Frank. Then I 'll go with you to-morrow.

Thomas. No, you can't, for this is the last day of the exhibition.

Frank. Is it? that 's bad! I did not know there were any beasts in town till to-day. How many are there?

Thomas. Ever so many; there 's a polar bear, and an elephant, and a most beautiful rhinoceros, —

Frank. I have seen a rhinoceros, and he is the ugliest creature that ever was;



his skin sits as loosely upon him as a sailor's trousers.

Thomas. Well, there 's a royal tiger —

Frank. Is there? I never saw a royal tiger!

Thomas. Oh! he 's a beauty, — all yellow and covered with black stripes. Then there are little leopards playing just like kittens; and, — there! there! do you hear that? that 's the lion roaring!

Frank. Wheu! that 's a peeler! How long will it take to see them all?

Thomas. Oh! not half an hour, and it won't take you five minutes to run down to the depôt afterwards, if you clip it like a good fellow.

Frank. Are there any monkeys?

Thomas. Plenty of them! the funniest monkeys you ever saw; they make all sorts of faces.

Frank. Well, — I don't know, — what if I should be too late for the cars?

Thomas. No danger of that, I tell you; the town clock up there is too fast; it 's all out of order; and, besides, you might see half the beasts while you are standing here thinking about it, looking up the street and down the street.

Frank. Well! come along then! where 's your money?

Thomas. Oh! I don't pay! I got acquainted with the door-keeper after I had been in twice, and now he lets me in for nothing every time I bring a feller that does pay.

Frank. Oh ho! well, I suppose it 's quarter of a dollar, and I have one somewhere in my pockets. *(Pulling out his handkerchief to search for the money, drops the letter.)* Ah! here it is! Come

Tom! no time to be lost. Mind you do not let me stay too long.

(They go into the exhibition booth.

Frank's father, passing along, picks up the letter, examines it, looks round for Frank, and passes hastily away.

After some time, the boys come out.)

Thomas. You did not half see them, you were in such a hurry and worry.

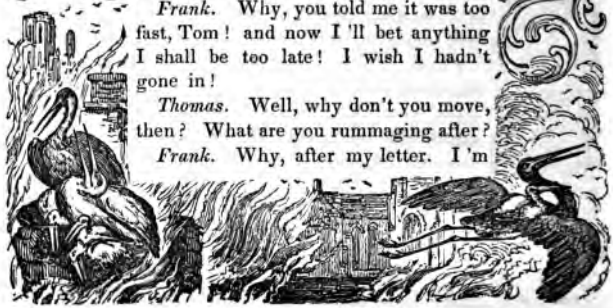
Frank. I know it. Are you sure that clock is too fast, Tom?

Thomas. I don't know,—I suppose so,—the clocks are wrong half the time.

Frank. Why, you told me it was too fast, Tom! and now I 'll bet anything I shall be too late! I wish I hadn't gone in!

Thomas. Well, why don't you move, then? What are you rummaging after?

Frank. Why, after my letter. I 'm



sure I put it in this pocket. What in the name of wonder has become of it?

Thomas. Look in t' other pocket.

Frank. It is n't there! nor in my hat! What *shall* I do?

Thomas. Why, you can't have lost it, can you?

Frank. I *have* lost it; I am sure as can be, I had it in this very pocket just before I met you, and now it 's gone!

Thomas. May be somebody stole it in the crowd.

Frank. That 's comfort! There was ever so much money in it, for I heard father talking about it at dinner time.

Thomas. Oh! I 'll tell you what 's become of it!

Frank. What? what?

Thomas. Why, I guess the elephant took it out of your pocket!

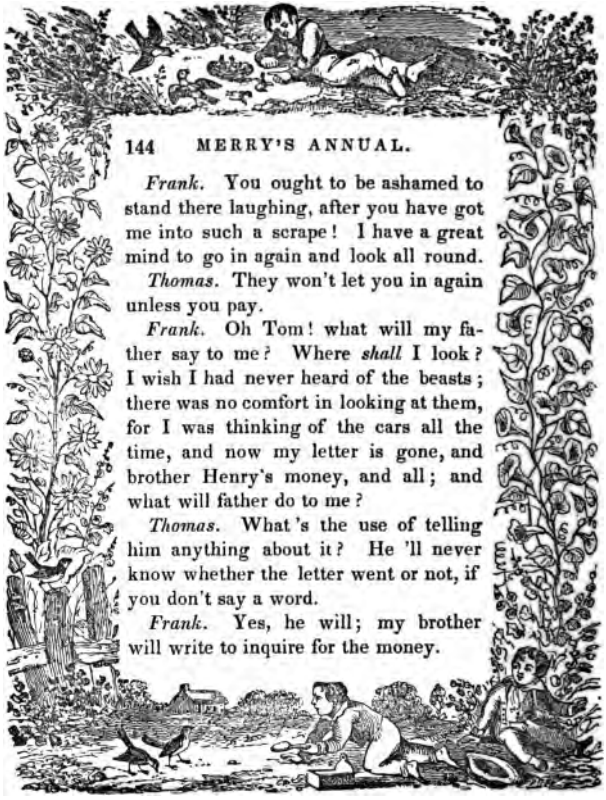
Frank. You ought to be ashamed to stand there laughing, after you have got me into such a scrape! I have a great mind to go in again and look all round.

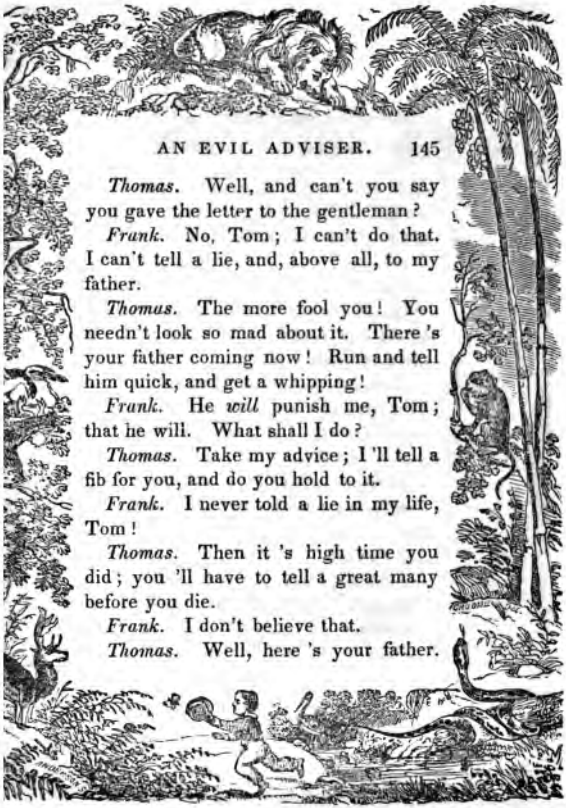
Thomas. They won't let you in again unless you pay.

Frank. Oh Tom! what will my father say to me? Where *shall* I look? I wish I had never heard of the beasts; there was no comfort in looking at them, for I was thinking of the cars all the time, and now my letter is gone, and brother Henry's money, and all; and what will father do to me?

Thomas. What 's the use of telling him anything about it? He 'll never know whether the letter went or not, if you don't say a word.

Frank. Yes, he will; my brother will write to inquire for the money.





Thomas. Well, and can't you say you gave the letter to the gentleman?

Frank. No, Tom; I can't do that. I can't tell a lie, and, above all, to my father.

Thomas. The more fool you! You needn't look so mad about it. There 's your father coming now! Run and tell him quick, and get a whipping!

Frank. He *will* punish me, Tom; that he will. What shall I do?

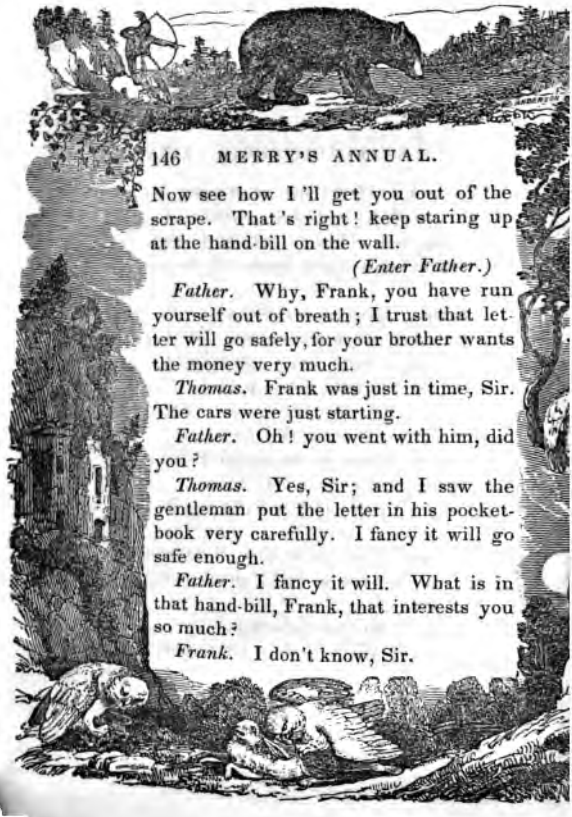
Thomas. Take my advice; I 'll tell a fib for you, and do you hold to it.

Frank. I never told a lie in my life, Tom!

Thomas. Then it 's high time you did; you 'll have to tell a great many before you die.

Frank. I don't believe that.

Thomas. Well, here 's your father.



Now see how I 'll get you out of the scrape. That 's right! keep staring up at the hand-bill on the wall.

(Enter Father.)

Father. Why, Frank, you have run yourself out of breath; I trust that letter will go safely, for your brother wants the money very much.

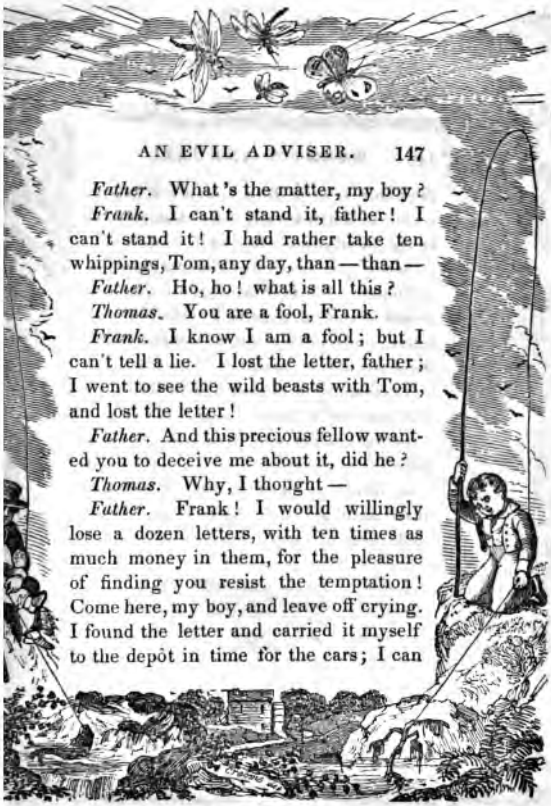
Thomas. Frank was just in time, Sir. The cars were just starting.

Father. Oh! you went with him, did you?

Thomas. Yes, Sir; and I saw the gentleman put the letter in his pocket-book very carefully. I fancy it will go safe enough.

Father. I fancy it will. What is in that hand-bill, Frank, that interests you so much?

Frank. I don't know, Sir.



Father. What 's the matter, my boy?

Frank. I can't stand it, father! I can't stand it! I had rather take ten whippings, Tom, any day, than — than —

Father. Ho, ho! what is all this?

Thomas. You are a fool, Frank.

Frank. I know I am a fool; but I can't tell a lie. I lost the letter, father; I went to see the wild beasts with Tom, and lost the letter!

Father. And this precious fellow wanted you to deceive me about it, did he?

Thomas. Why, I thought —

Father. Frank! I would willingly lose a dozen letters, with ten times as much money in them, for the pleasure of finding you resist the temptation! Come here, my boy, and leave off crying. I found the letter and carried it myself to the depôt in time for the cars; I can

forgive you your folly, — since it has not ended in wickedness; but remember one thing; I shall not forgive you, if henceforward you associate with this unprincipled boy! — Begone, Sir! I am glad to see shame in your face. Had my boy taken your advice, he, too, would have been at this moment a detected, conscience-smitten, despised liar; but he is holding up his head, and his heart is light in his bosom. You are the very boy, Thomas, whom I was requested to take into my employment; but I will have nothing to do with you. Never come near my son again!

THE DANGER OF AN EVIL ADVISER.

A DIALOGUE. PART II.

Thomas. (with a covered basket.) Frank! Frank! I say! — What, are you going by without speaking to me? You need not make believe you don't hear.

Frank. I do hear you, Thomas; but you know I can't stop to talk with you.

Thomas. I don't know any such thing. Why can't you?

Frank. I have not forgotten the scrape you got me into, the other day.

Thomas. What! about the letter and the wild beasts? Do you call that a scrape? I thought you got off cleverly, for my part. I expected, when it all came out, you would have something to remember it by.

Frank. And so I did. Let me pass you.

Thomas. No, no;—I want to show you something. Your father whipped you after he got you home, did he?

Frank. No, he did not.

Thomas. Pooh! you think a mighty deal of scolding, then. Words are nothing.

Frank. That depends on what they are. Let me pass, Tom.

Thomas. Stop a minute,—just one minute.

Frank. I tell you I can't.

Thomas. For shame, to be so cross! I did not think you were the boy to keep angry so long!

Frank. I am not angry.

Thomas. Yes, you are; you can't forgive me for getting you into trouble. I

thought you were a mighty good-natured fellow; but I see you can't forgive.

Frank. I do forgive you, Thomas; but I can't stop to talk with you now.

Thomas. Well; — come over to our garden by and by, then.

Frank. Thomas, I can't. You know well enough why I can't.

Thomas. I am sure I see no reason, except because you are cross, and won't forgive and forget. I would not have such a temper for the world.

Frank. It is *not* temper, Thomas; but you heard what my father said, the other day. You heard him tell me to have nothing to do with you.

Thomas. Well, that was because *he* was mad. I don't believe he meant any such thing.

Frank. Yes, he did. My father al-

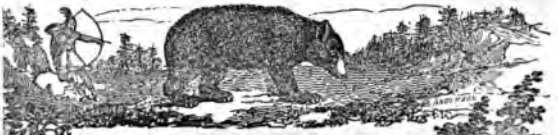
ways means just what he says, angry or not.

Thomas. It is very hard I should be treated so, when I did not mean any harm. How should I know you would lose your letter by going to see the wild beasts? — and how should I know your father had picked it up?

Frank. That 's not the thing; — it was for your wishing me to tell a falsehood, that my father took such a dislike to you.

Thomas. Well! and was it not for your sake, that I did it? I am sure the fib would have done me no good; I was not in any scrape, and never should have thought of meddling with the matter, except to help you. I must say, I think you are ungrateful, Frank.

Frank. Don't say that, Thomas. I must obey my father.

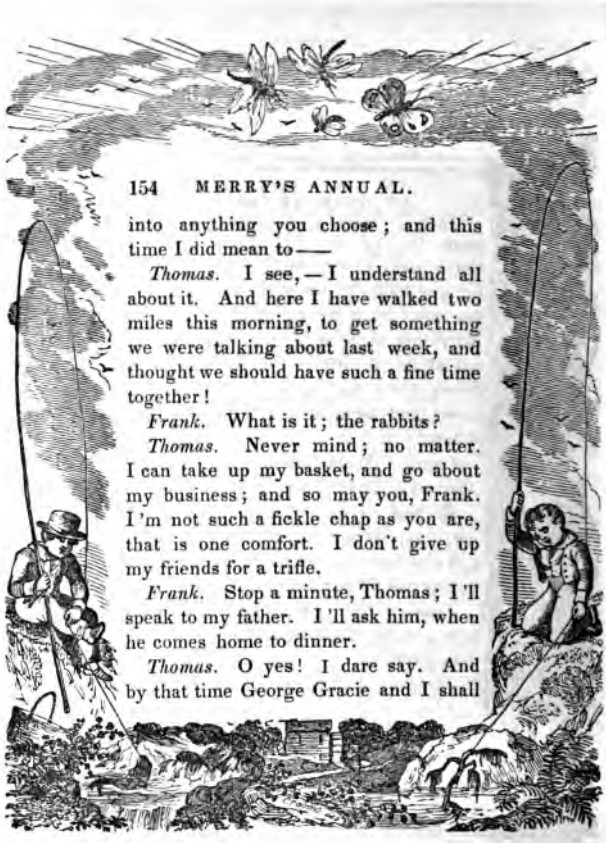


Thomas. But I don't believe your father meant, that you were *never* to speak to me again. Does he bring you up to be so ungrateful and unforgiving, that you can't pardon a fellow for one fault; especially when I wanted to help you?

Frank. I don't know.

Thomas. Well, I do. If you were to go along with me this minute, and stay till dinner time, your father would not care a copper. I dare say, he has forgotten the whole matter by this time, only you think it is mighty pretty to make a fuss about it. I see how it is, Frank. You don't like me as well as you used to do, and you are glad of an excuse to get rid of me.

Frank. It is no such thing, Thomas; but you know you always persuade me



into anything you choose; and this time I did mean to——

Thomas. I see,—I understand all about it. And here I have walked two miles this morning, to get something we were talking about last week, and thought we should have such a fine time together!

Frank. What is it; the rabbits?

Thomas. Never mind; no matter. I can take up my basket, and go about my business; and so may you, Frank. I'm not such a fickle chap as you are, that is one comfort. I don't give up my friends for a trifle.

Frank. Stop a minute, Thomas; I'll speak to my father. I'll ask him, when he comes home to dinner.

Thomas. O yes! I dare say. And by that time George Gracie and I shall

have the rabbit-house made. No, I thank you; now or never. I don't wish for any half-way friends. George Gracie won't keep me waiting till he asks his father if he may play with me. I am afraid the little birds will tell your father that you spoke to me in the street, and then he 'll talk to you, poor fellow!

Frank. Wait, wait, one moment, Thomas! Don't be so mad with me!

Thomas. I am not, Frank. I don't get angry with a friend quite so easily. I 'll show you my rabbits before I go, if you would like to see them.

Frank. Will you, Thomas? I am sure you are as good-natured a fellow as ever lived.

Thomas. Lift up the cover carefully.

Frank. What beautiful, beautiful

creatures! Oh, Thomas! how I wish I could go with you!

Thomas. And so you might, if you were not such a great baby.

Frank. Let me peep again. How white they are! and such long, pink ears! They are the prettiest things I ever saw. Just let me take one out.

Thomas. No, no; let his ears alone, if you please. I can't stay any longer.

Frank. What are you going to do with them?

Thomas. Let them stay in the basket, till I get their house made.

Frank. And when will that be?

Thomas. Why, I should get it done by dinner-time, if I had anybody to help me; especially you, because you are so handy.

Frank. I don't think I am.

Thomas. Yes, you are. Don't you remember, when we made the squirrel-trap together?

Frank. Yes, indeed. What good times we had! Can't you wait till after dinner?

Thomas. No; for I borrowed the basket.

Frank. Where 's your wood.

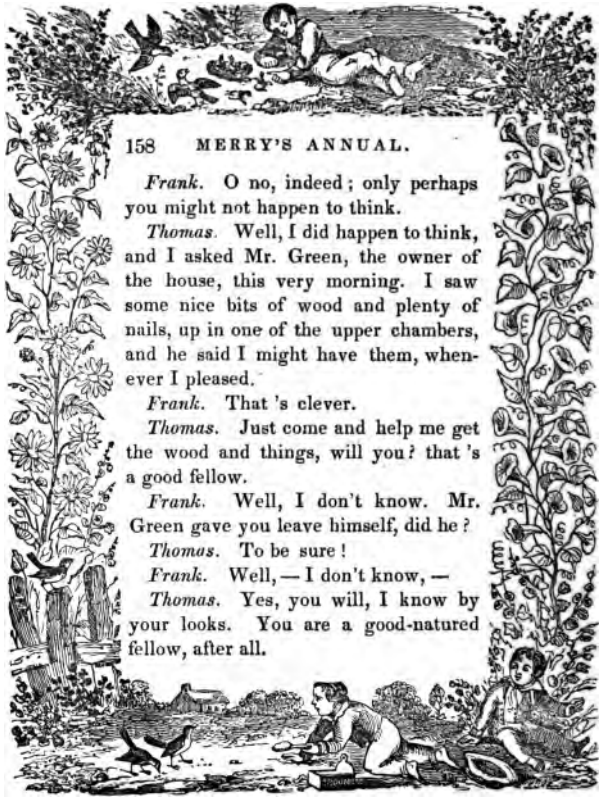
Thomas. O, there 's plenty of it about this new house that 's building, — just the thing.

Frank. But the carpenters won't let you have it, will they?

Thomas. They have all gone home to their dinner.

Frank. But ought you not to ask somebody's leave?

Thomas. Why, yes, to be sure. You don't think I would steal, do you?



Frank. O no, indeed; only perhaps you might not happen to think.

Thomas. Well, I did happen to think, and I asked Mr. Green, the owner of the house, this very morning. I saw some nice bits of wood and plenty of nails, up in one of the upper chambers, and he said I might have them, whenever I pleased.

Frank. That 's clever.

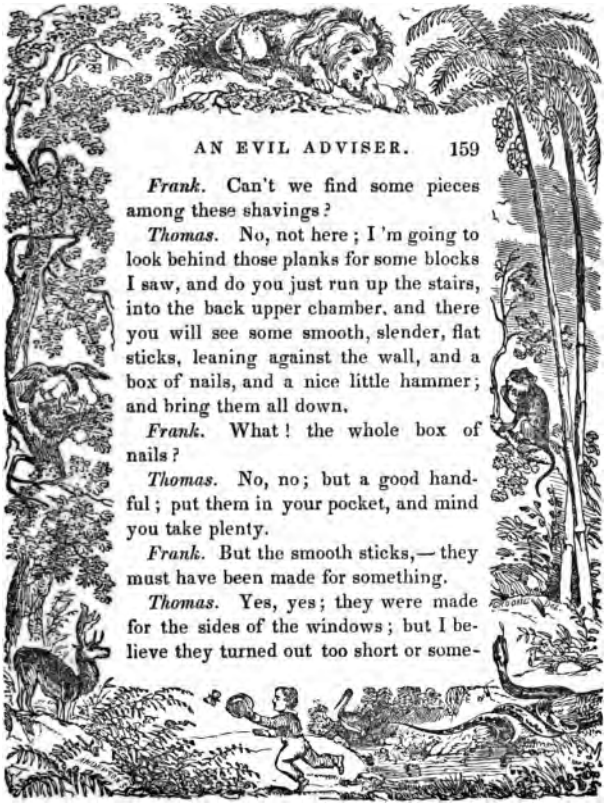
Thomas. Just come and help me get the wood and things, will you? that 's a good fellow.

Frank. Well, I don't know. Mr. Green gave you leave himself, did he?

Thomas. To be sure!

Frank. Well, — I don't know, —

Thomas. Yes, you will, I know by your looks. You are a good-natured fellow, after all.



Frank. Can't we find some pieces among these shavings?

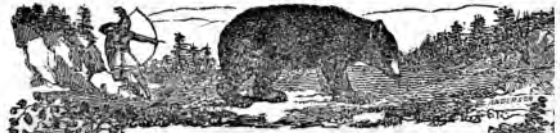
Thomas. No, not here; I 'm going to look behind those planks for some blocks I saw, and do you just run up the stairs, into the back upper chamber, and there you will see some smooth, slender, flat sticks, leaning against the wall, and a box of nails, and a nice little hammer; and bring them all down.

Frank. What! the whole box of nails?

Thomas. No, no; but a good handful; put them in your pocket, and mind you take plenty.

Frank. But the smooth sticks,— they must have been made for something.

Thomas. Yes, yes; they were made for the sides of the windows; but I believe they turned out too short or some-



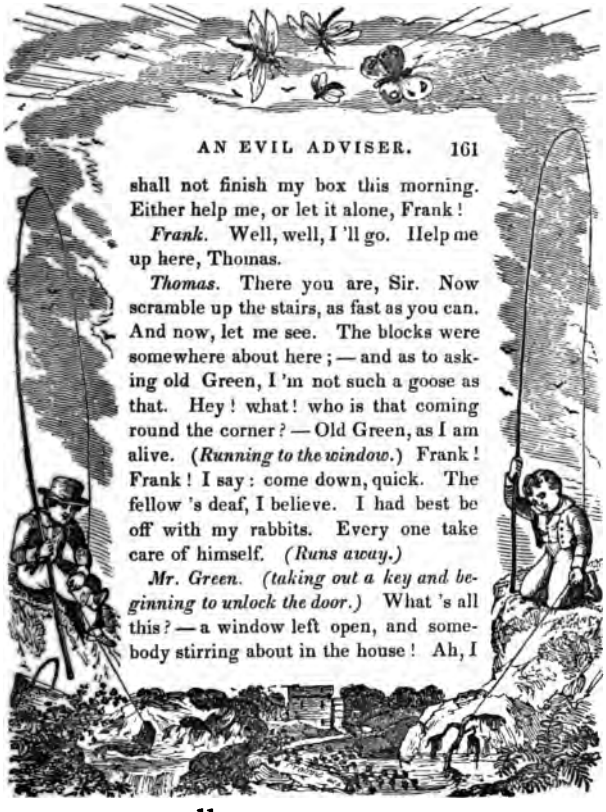
thing, and Mr. Green said I might have them. When I cut them in two, they will make capital slats for the front of the rabbit-house. Make haste, for the carpenters will be back, and they are as cross as so many bears.

Frank. Why, the door is fastened up!

Thomas. I know that. You must get in at the window.

Frank. Must I? It does not seem quite right, somehow. Suppose I look for the blocks, Thomas; — can't you do without the slats?

Thomas. No, I must have those things up stairs, and you can't choose the blocks for me; you don't know what I want. It won't take three minutes to run up stairs for me, and, if you talk much longer, the carpenters will come and make such a piece of work about it, that I



shall not finish my box this morning. Either help me, or let it alone, Frank!

Frank. Well, well, I 'll go. Help me up here, Thomas.

Thomas. There you are, Sir. Now scramble up the stairs, as fast as you can. And now, let me see. The blocks were somewhere about here; — and as to asking old Green, I 'm not such a goose as that. Hey! what! who is that coming round the corner? — Old Green, as I am alive. (*Running to the window.*) Frank! Frank! I say: come down, quick. The fellow 's deaf, I believe. I had best be off with my rabbits. Every one take care of himself. (*Runs away.*)

Mr. Green. (*taking out a key and beginning to unlock the door.*) What 's all this? — a window left open, and somebody stirring about in the house! Ah, I

suppose one of the carpenters has come back before the rest.

Frank, (at the window.) Here, Thomas, take these long sticks, or I shall break them.

Mr. Green. Hey, Sir! what are you about? What little thief are you?

Frank. I am no thief at all, Sir.

Mr. Green. Then what are you doing in my house, and helping yourself to these matters?

Frank. Are you Mr. Green, Sir? Oh, I am glad of that. Thomas, where are you?

Mr. Green. There 's no Thomas here; none of your tricks, young gentleman, but give an account of yourself.

Frank. Why, these are the things you told Thomas he might have, whenever he wanted them.

Mr. Green. I told no Thomas any thing of the kind. Do you mean Thomas Temptall?

Frank. Yes, Sir; he said—

Mr. Green. No matter what he said; he is a bad boy, a very bad boy; and if you are a companion of his, you are just such another. A likely story, that I should give away a part of my window work, just ready to be put in. Jump out, Sir! I saw that Tom, prowling about among the carpenters, up stairs, this very morning, and ordered him off. Ay, you may well hang your head.

Frank. Here are the nails and hammer, Sir. He cheated me, Sir; he told me a falsehood about it, I do assure you.

Mr. Green. And did you never know him to tell one before?

Frank. Yes, Sir. *(With hesitation.)*

Mr. Green. Then what business had you in his company? If you are a good boy, what have you to do with liars and deceivers? I know your father, young gentleman; you may blush and shed tears, you have good cause; and so has your father, if he permits you to associate with such boys as this.

Frank. Oh no, Sir; he does not, he does not. He told me to break off with Thomas Temptall, and I did not mean to go with him any more. I have disobeyed my father, but Thomas did talk so to me!

Mr. Green. Thomas talked, did he? but who listened? Go home, Sir, and cut your ears off rather than listen to evil counsel. You are either a bad boy or a silly one, to be led into difficulties by bad company. Go, and confess the whole to your father.

Frank. I will, indeed; I always do.

Mr. Green. That 's a good sign. There 's some hope if you do that. As for master Thomas, I have several accounts to settle with him, and I shall walk over to talk with his guardian this very afternoon. He must be brought to disgrace and punishment now, or he will grow up a rogue, and die the death of an habitual sinner.

Frank. I have done with him, I will never speak to him again.

Mr. Green. Ay, hold to that. Now you know your weakness, keep away from temptation. If you listen, you have gone half way to do evil. If a boy *once* asks you to do wrong, never give him a chance to ask you again. That is the way in which good boys should treat bad ones; and if men followed the same

course with each other, it is my notion that rogues would be scarcer. And here is your father, walking quietly home to his dinner, so I shall go into the house and leave you to tell him your own misdeeds, if you choose. If you are not spoiled by evil communication, that will be the first thing you will do. *(Exit.)*

Frank. And it shall be the first thing I do: but how shall I begin? I am ashamed to look him in the face.

(Enter Father.)

Father. Ah, Frank! I did not expect to meet you. I have some good news for a good boy. Here is a letter from your uncle, and he wishes you to come and pass the rest of your vacation in Vermont. Would you like to go?

Frank. Yes, Sir.

Father. Why, what is all this? Look

up, Frank; what, tears! great tears rolling down your cheeks. Are you hurt?

Frank. No, Sir; something worse.

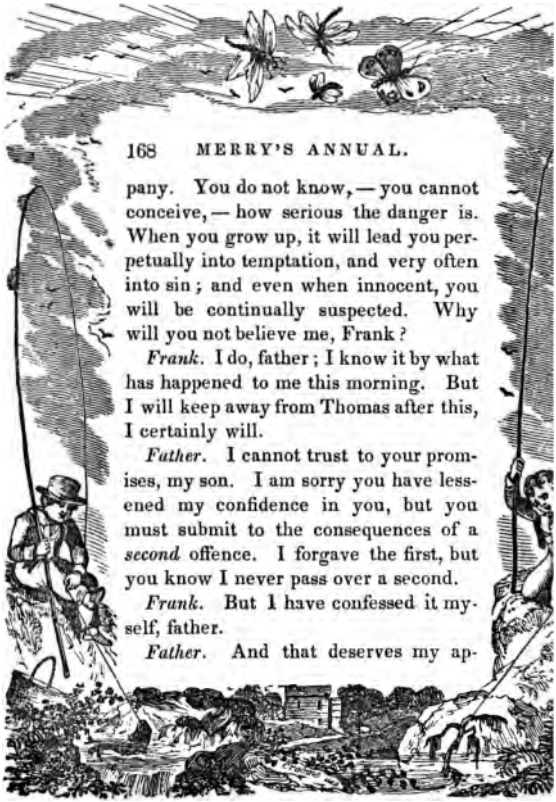
Father. Then you have been doing something wrong.

Frank. Yes, Sir; I have been a bad boy. I have been —

Father. Well, go on.

Frank. I have been with Thomas Temptall. Ah, father, don't look so sad.

Father. I cannot help it, my son; it does make me sad, very sad, to find that you are not unwilling to make such a boy your companion. Even had I not forbidden it, ought you to endure the company of a liar? Can you possibly find pleasure in it? Oh! Frank! You have not only disobeyed me, but you betray a dangerous propensity for evil com-



pany. You do not know, — you cannot conceive, — how serious the danger is. When you grow up, it will lead you perpetually into temptation, and very often into sin; and even when innocent, you will be continually suspected. Why will you not believe me, Frank?

Frank. I do, father; I know it by what has happened to me this morning. But I will keep away from Thomas after this, I certainly will.

Father. I cannot trust to your promises, my son. I am sorry you have lessened my confidence in you, but you must submit to the consequences of a *second* offence. I forgave the first, but you know I never pass over a second.

Frank. But I have confessed it myself, father.

Father. And that deserves my ap-

probation; that gives me some comfort. It proves to me, that your principles are still good; that you are an honest boy, unless you did it merely in the hope that it would prevent me from punishing you. Was it so?

Frank. Oh no, Sir!

Father. I am glad of that. It will be a pleasure to you to have told the truth, and to know that I love you the better for doing so; but that very love, Frank, tells me that I must punish you for seeking bad company.

Frank. But, father, I did not seek it; he called to me, and he talked so to me —

Father. There are not many sinners who run after temptation in the first place; they begin by yielding to those that attack them. Most men commit their first errors out of weakness and

want of resolution. Now, my boy, I see so much of this alarming weakness in your character, that I must pay particular attention to it. I *must* punish you for every instance, until you form good resolutions so decided, that no beguiling tongue will induce you to break them. I sent word to your mother, as soon as I had read this letter, requesting her to pack up your trunk, that you might set off for Vermont to-morrow morning; but it is out of the question. You must be deprived of innocent pleasures, as a penalty for not avoiding forbidden ones. Is not that just?

Frank. I believe it is, father; but it is a great disappointment. Forgive me this once more; I never will commit this fault again.

Father. Frank, no! It would be

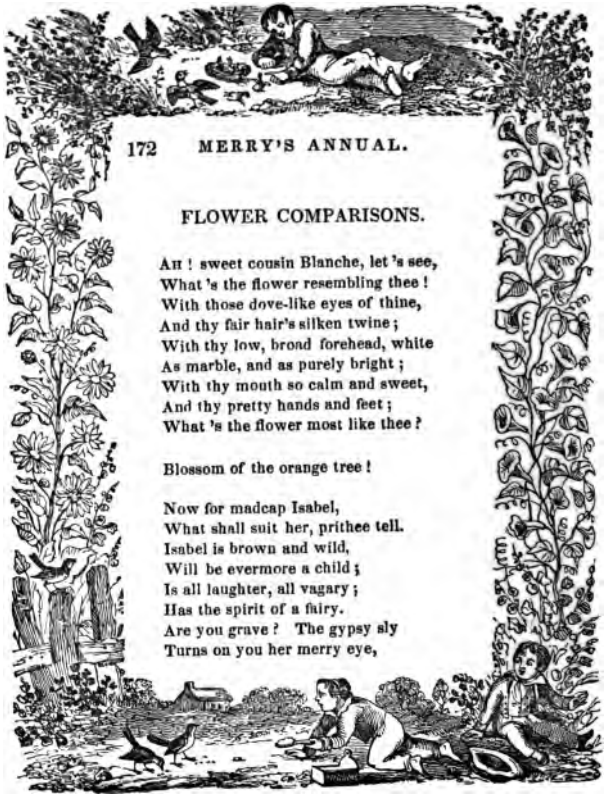
weakness in me to trust your promise so soon after you have shown yourself such a feeble-minded boy. Go home, and to-night, when I come to your room, be ready to give me an honest and true history of this whole affair.

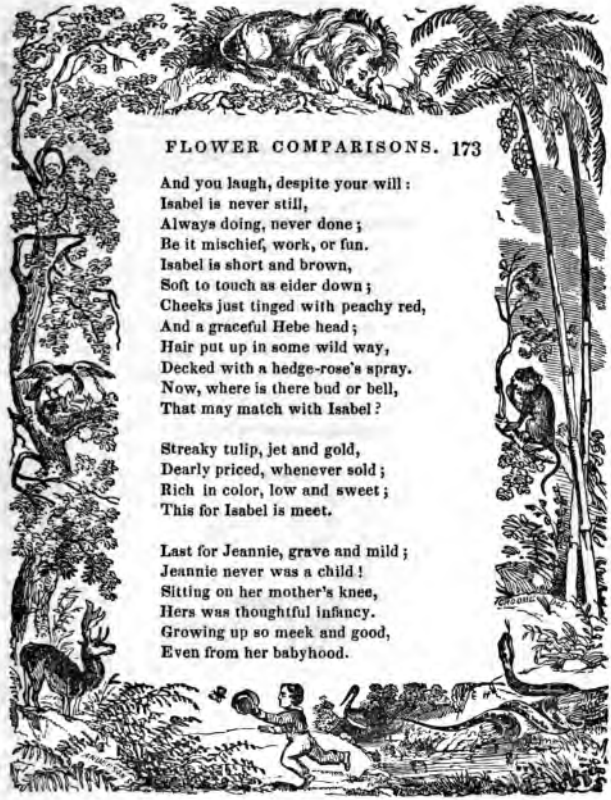
FLOWER COMPARISONS.

Ah ! sweet cousin Blanche, let 's see,
What 's the flower resembling thee !
With those dove-like eyes of thine,
And thy fair hair's silken twine ;
With thy low, broad forehead, white
As marble, and as purely bright ;
With thy mouth so calm and sweet,
And thy pretty hands and feet ;
What 's the flower most like thee ?

Blossom of the orange tree !

Now for madcap Isabel,
What shall suit her, prithee tell.
Isabel is brown and wild,
Will be evermore a child ;
Is all laughter, all vagary ;
Has the spirit of a fairy.
Are you grave ? The gypsy sly
Turns on you her merry eye,





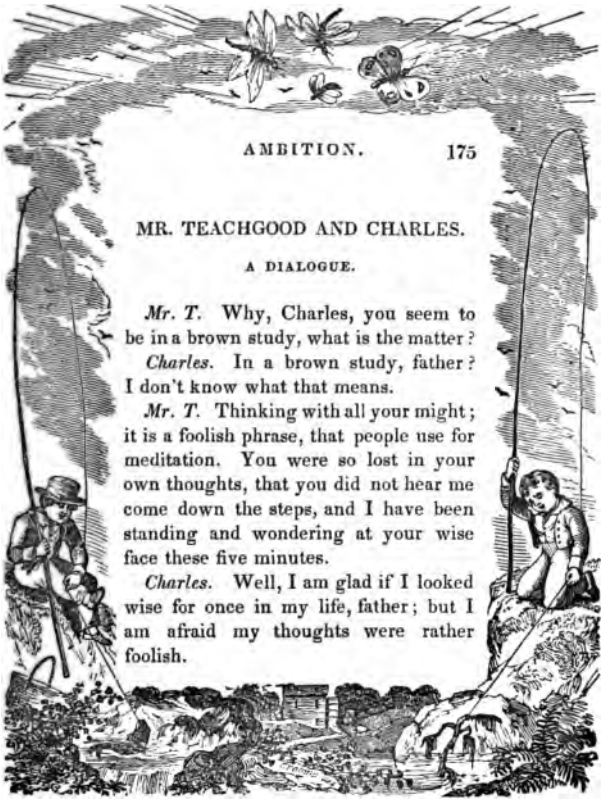
And you laugh, despite your will:
Isabel is never still,
Always doing, never done;
Be it mischief, work, or fun.
Isabel is short and brown,
Soft to touch as eider down;
Cheeks just tinged with peachy red,
And a graceful Hebe head;
Hair put up in some wild way,
Decked with a hedge-rose's spray.
Now, where is there bud or bell,
That may match with Isabel?

Streaky tulip, jet and gold,
Dearly priced, whenever sold;
Rich in color, low and sweet;
This for Isabel is meet.

Last for Jeannie, grave and mild;
Jeannie never was a child!
Sitting on her mother's knee,
Hers was thoughtful infancy.
Growing up so meek and good,
Even from her babyhood.

All her mother's labor sharing;
For the house and children caring;
To her bed in silence creeping;
Rising early, little sleeping;
Learning soon of care and need;
Learning late to write and read;
To all hardships reconciled,
For she was a poor man's child.
What 's the lowly flower of earth,
Match for Jeannie's humble worth?

Soon poor Jeannie's flower is met, —
The meek and precious violet.



MR. TEACHGOOD AND CHARLES.

A DIALOGUE.

Mr. T. Why, Charles, you seem to be in a brown study, what is the matter?

Charles. In a brown study, father? I don't know what that means.

Mr. T. Thinking with all your might; it is a foolish phrase, that people use for meditation. You were so lost in your own thoughts, that you did not hear me come down the steps, and I have been standing and wondering at your wise face these five minutes.

Charles. Well, I am glad if I looked wise for once in my life, father; but I am afraid my thoughts were rather foolish.

Mr. T. Would you like to tell me what your thoughts were?

Charles. Yes, Sir, if I knew how; but that 's the trouble: they were in such a jumble, that I can't put them into words, as a grown-up person could.

Mr. T. Oh, my boy, grown-up persons have thoughts, sometimes, for which they cannot find words; but it is because the thoughts are not clear. It is a bad habit to allow the mind to run on in confusion. Cannot you give me some one idea?

Charles. I was wishing, — I was hoping, — I was wondering —

Mr. T. Wishing, hoping, and wondering! No wonder you could neither hear nor see, though you have quick ears and sharp eyes enough, usually. Well, if you were wishing, hoping, and wondering, all

at once, I doubt if you can explain yourself very distinctly; but try, my boy, try! What was uppermost?

Charles. The truth is, I am half afraid to tell what was uppermost.

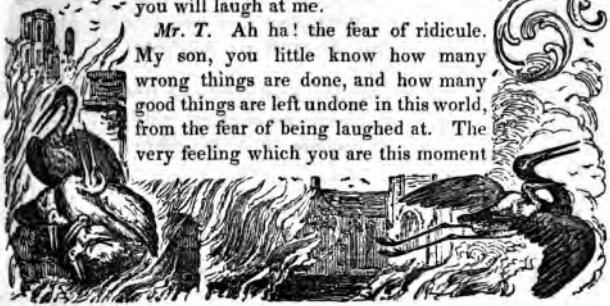
Mr. T. Afraid? Afraid of what?

Charles. I don't know, exactly.

Mr. T. That is wrong. Don't allow anything in your mind so indistinct, if you can help it. Examine, now, and see if you cannot tell me of what you are afraid.

Charles. Why yes, I can; I am afraid you will laugh at me.

Mr. T. Ah ha! the fear of ridicule. My son, you little know how many wrong things are done, and how many good things are left undone in this world, from the fear of being laughed at. The very feeling which you are this moment



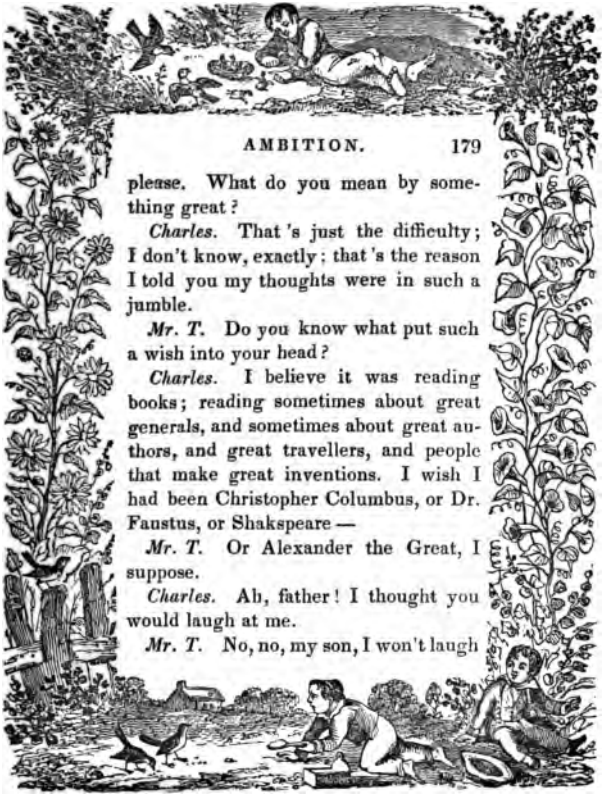
indulging, may make a bad man of you in a few years. Conquer it, Charles, conquer it at once! If it is right to tell your father what has been the subject of your thoughts this morning, tell him at once, and run the risk of being laughed at. You know I am not in the habit of making sport of you, am I?

Charles. Oh no, Sir! but I am afraid this is so silly.

Mr. T. Never mind, out with it! If we both agree that you were wasting your time, perhaps you will be careful to do so no more.

Charles. Well, father, I was only wishing that I could do something *great!*

Mr. T. Well, I must ponder on that a little. It does not sound so very silly; but we will examine the matter, if you



please. What do you mean by something great?

Charles. That 's just the difficulty; I don't know, exactly; that 's the reason I told you my thoughts were in such a jumble.

Mr. T. Do you know what put such a wish into your head?

Charles. I believe it was reading books; reading sometimes about great generals, and sometimes about great authors, and great travellers, and people that make great inventions. I wish I had been Christopher Columbus, or Dr. Faustus, or Shakspeare —

Mr. T. Or Alexander the Great, I suppose.

Charles. Ah, father! I thought you would laugh at me.

Mr. T. No, no, my son, I won't laugh

at you, I assure you. You feel as thousands of boys have done before you, no doubt; and very, very different have been the lives led by those boys, when they came to be men.

Charles. You suppose, then, that all great men had just such feelings as mine when they were boys?

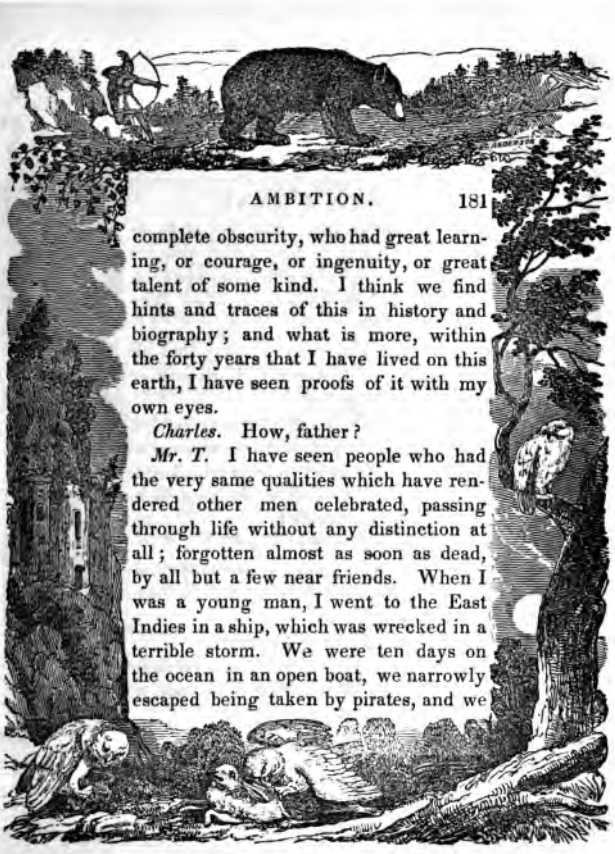
Mr. T. Many of them, probably; and so, I doubt not, had thousands who never became at all celebrated. I suppose by *great*, you mean nothing more nor less than *celebrated.*

Charles. Yes, Sir! yes Sir!

Mr. T. You imagine, then, that all the great men who have ever lived, have been celebrated?

Charles. I should think so.

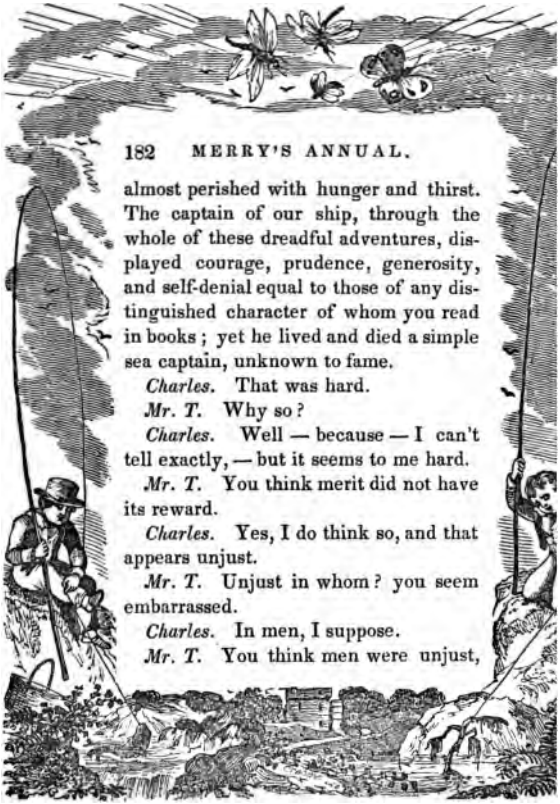
Mr. T. I doubt it: I cannot help thinking, that many men have lived in



complete obscurity, who had great learning, or courage, or ingenuity, or great talent of some kind. I think we find hints and traces of this in history and biography; and what is more, within the forty years that I have lived on this earth, I have seen proofs of it with my own eyes.

Charles. How, father?

Mr. T. I have seen people who had the very same qualities which have rendered other men celebrated, passing through life without any distinction at all; forgotten almost as soon as dead, by all but a few near friends. When I was a young man, I went to the East Indies in a ship, which was wrecked in a terrible storm. We were ten days on the ocean in an open boat, we narrowly escaped being taken by pirates, and we



almost perished with hunger and thirst. The captain of our ship, through the whole of these dreadful adventures, displayed courage, prudence, generosity, and self-denial equal to those of any distinguished character of whom you read in books; yet he lived and died a simple sea captain, unknown to fame.

Charles. That was hard.

Mr. T. Why so?

Charles. Well — because — I can't tell exactly, — but it seems to me hard.

Mr. T. You think merit did not have its reward.

Charles. Yes, I do think so, and that appears unjust.

Mr. T. Unjust in whom? you seem embarrassed.

Charles. In men, I suppose.

Mr. T. You think men were unjust,

because the excellent qualities of this person were not talked about, and put into books, for that is *fame*, I take it. You think men ought to have made him famous.

Charles. To be sure.

Mr. T. But he was not so placed in life as to be exposed to the observation of men who could understand and value his qualities; or those that did, were in a station too humble to bestow fame. Had he been a general or an admiral, with the lives of thousands depending on him, he would have attracted notice; but the world was not to blame for neglecting deeds they never heard of, was it? It was the fault of his situation that his actions were unknown to all but a few, was it not? And now, who placed him in that situation? Who was

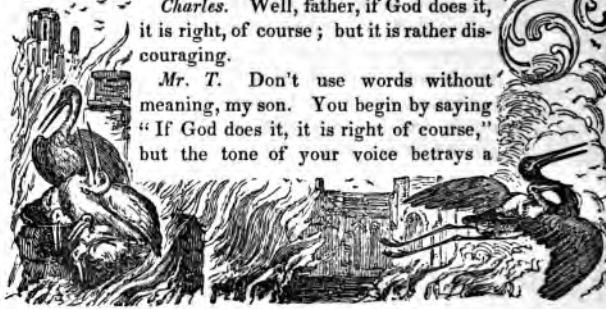
it, in fact, that prevented his obtaining what you would have called the reward of his merit?

Charles. I understand you, father; it was God.

Mr. T. Surely: it is God who has so arranged the world, that a thousand thousand admirable deeds are performed without receiving the tribute of admiration; and thousands of people live and die unknown, who have the very same qualities that in others have gained celebrity.

Charles. Well, father, if God does it, it is right, of course; but it is rather discouraging.

Mr. T. Don't use words without meaning, my son. You begin by saying "If God does it, it is right of course," but the tone of your voice betrays a



doubt, which we must examine pretty closely. Don't cheat yourself with *saying* "It is right," when you are *thinking* it is wrong.

Charles. I wish I could understand it all.

Mr. T. There are things which no man can understand in *this* world; but perhaps this is not one of these mysteries. Let us see. In the first place, do you understand your own feelings about the matter? for, if you do not know what is going on within yourself, it will indeed be difficult to understand what is without. What did you mean, when you said you wished you could do something great?

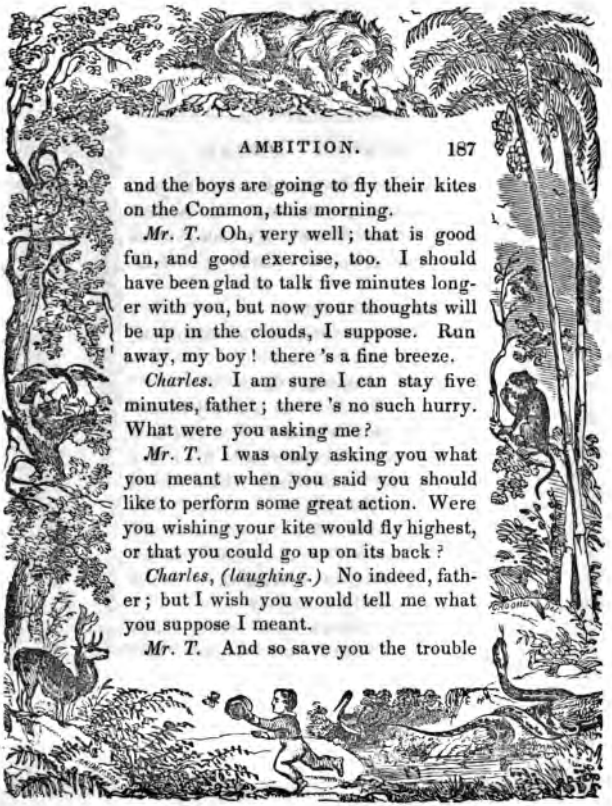
Charles. Why, I don't know how to say it any better, father: you know what I mean.

Mr. T. "Not exactly," to use your favorite expression. I may mistake you, and I doubt if you comprehend yourself quite clearly.

Charles. You do puzzle me; you must not expect a boy like me to talk like a book, father.

Mr. T. No, no; I should be very sorry to hear you talk like any book, good or bad; but I want you to think, and think as clearly as you can, and the talking will take care of itself. Young folks are apt to hate thinking, regular thinking, above all things, much as they love dreaming with their eyes open. You seem to be a little fidgety, Charles; are you tired of talking with me? Speak honestly.

Charles. Why, not exactly tired, father; but I heard the clock strike eight,



and the boys are going to fly their kites on the Common, this morning.

Mr. T. Oh, very well; that is good fun, and good exercise, too. I should have been glad to talk five minutes longer with you, but now your thoughts will be up in the clouds, I suppose. Run away, my boy! there 's a fine breeze.

Charles. I am sure I can stay five minutes, father; there 's no such hurry. What were you asking me?

Mr. T. I was only asking you what you meant when you said you should like to perform some great action. Were you wishing your kite would fly highest, or that you could go up on its back?

Charles, (laughing.) No indeed, father; but I wish you would tell me what you suppose I meant.

Mr. T. And so save you the trouble

of thinking? Really, I doubt if great men begin so;—but come, let me help you a little. Were you wishing to do something *great*, or something *celebrated?*

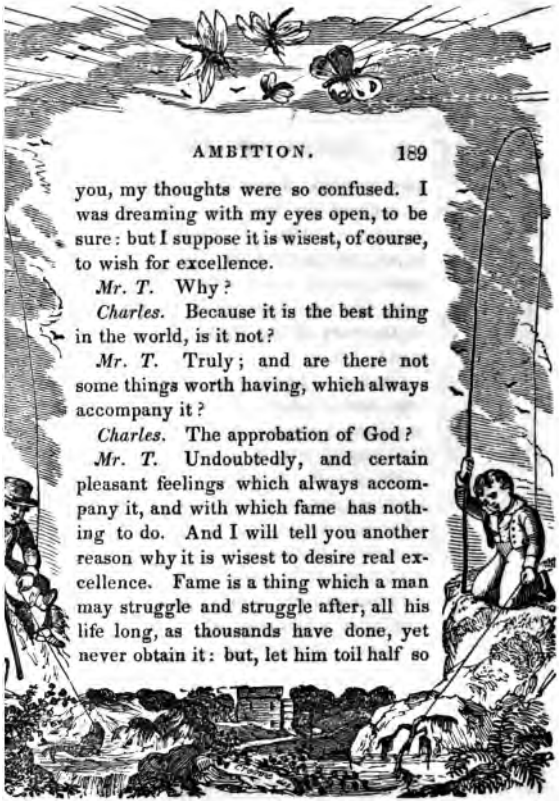
Charles. Ah, father.

Mr. T. You perceive the difference, then?

Charles. Indeed, I do.

Mr. T. The question is a very important one, and I will not press you now for an answer. It amounts to this: Are you wishing to do things which are in themselves full of merit, whether any one knows it or not, or are you suffering yourself to long for the praise of men? Is it *excellence*, or is it *admiration*, which you are desiring so eagerly?

Charles. I don't know which I *was* wishing for, father, because, as I told



you, my thoughts were so confused. I was dreaming with my eyes open, to be sure: but I suppose it is wisest, of course, to wish for excellence.

Mr. T. Why?

Charles. Because it is the best thing in the world, is it not?

Mr. T. Truly; and are there not some things worth having, which always accompany it?

Charles. The approbation of God?

Mr. T. Undoubtedly, and certain pleasant feelings which always accompany it, and with which fame has nothing to do. And I will tell you another reason why it is wisest to desire real excellence. Fame is a thing which a man may struggle and struggle after, all his life long, as thousands have done, yet never obtain it: but, let him toil half so

hard to form an excellent character, — to conquer his faults and exercise his virtues, — and he will be sure of success. Is not this kind in God? The thing best worth having, is put within reach. And now, Charles, where was the injustice in the case of my friend, the sea-captain?

Charles. There was none, — there was none, father! I dare say he had happiness enough, if he had no fame. God praised him, if men did not.

Mr. T. He is with his God now, Charles! and that is another thing to be taken into your thoughts, always. You have not reflected, whether fame among such poor, sinful, mistaken creatures as men are, can add to the happiness of the soul after it has gone into the presence of God. Never dismiss any subject

from your mind, till you have thought about it in connexion with religion. And now, Charles, go to the boys.

Charles. Stop a minute, father. I can get out some more thoughts that were troubling me.

Mr. T. I am glad of it. I can tell what is passing in your mind by your actions, sometimes, but not always; and I shall know better how to help you with advice, if you frankly tell me such feelings as I cannot read.

Charles. Well, then; I was wishing myself a man; I am tired of being a boy so long.

Mr. T. So long! Eleven years seems but a little while to me; but I will not smile at feelings so common among boys; very likely I had them myself. Why

are you impatient? Are you tired of being ruled by others?

Charles. No, that is not it; but I do not seem to have a chance to do anything.

Mr. T. Anything *great,* I suppose you mean.

Charles, (laughing.) Yes, that *was* what I was thinking of this morning.

Mr. T. Well, how is it now? It is true, little boys have small chance of performing actions that may be celebrated.

Charles. But I can't do anything that is worth the while.

Mr. T. Charles! Charles! think of the meaning of words. Why cannot you do exactly what is the best thing I or any man can do? Can you not endeavor to pass a single day without omit-

ting a duty, or committing a fault? And, if you could accomplish this, would it not be worth the while?

Charles. To be sure, it would; but what I mean is, that there is no one thing in particular, that is very great or good, — no one very excellent action that I can do.

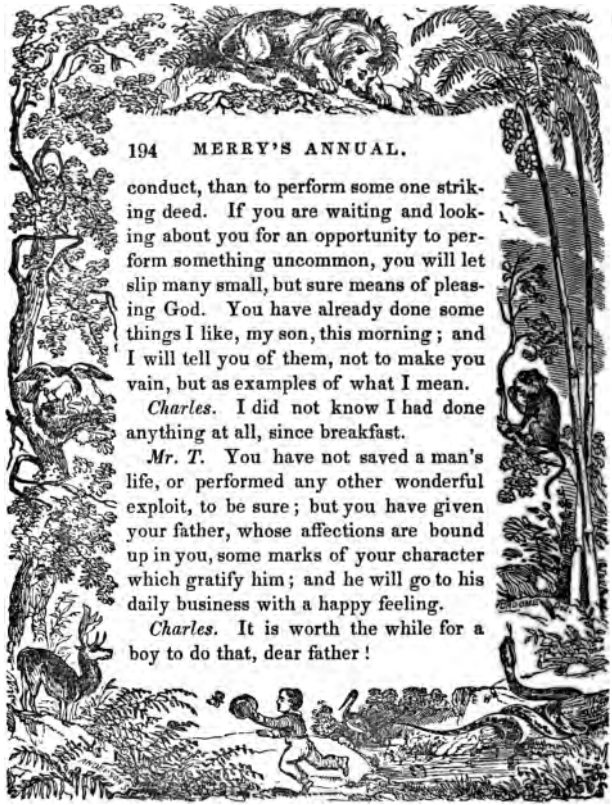
Mr. T. One action! Would any one action be equal in value to such a well-spent day? Beware, Charles! see if the love of admiration has not something to do with the matter. Actions are valuable as signs of character, and we shall judge of your character from many little deeds, rather than *one*, be it ever so remarkable. As to difficulty, there may be an honorable pride in conquering that; and I assure you, it is harder to go on modestly and quietly in habitual good

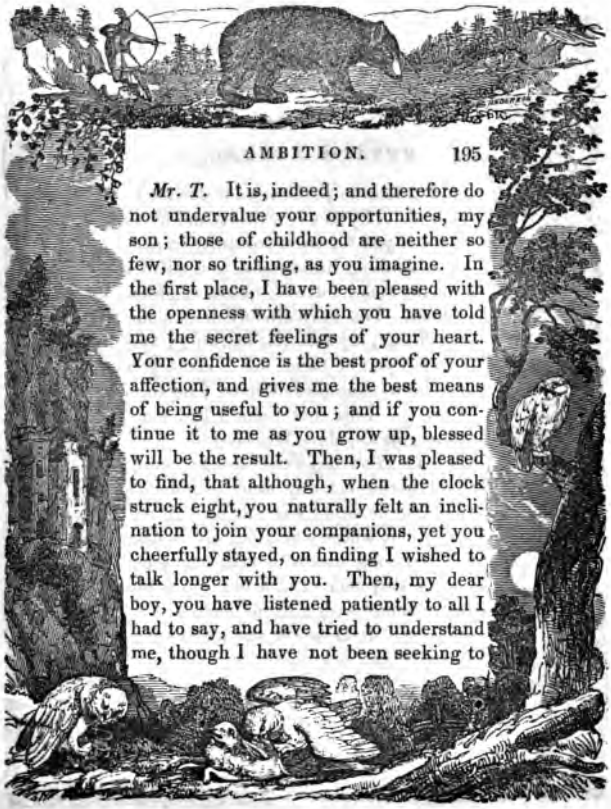
conduct, than to perform some one striking deed. If you are waiting and looking about you for an opportunity to perform something uncommon, you will let slip many small, but sure means of pleasing God. You have already done some things I like, my son, this morning; and I will tell you of them, not to make you vain, but as examples of what I mean.

Charles. I did not know I had done anything at all, since breakfast.

Mr. T. You have not saved a man's life, or performed any other wonderful exploit, to be sure; but you have given your father, whose affections are bound up in you, some marks of your character which gratify him; and he will go to his daily business with a happy feeling.

Charles. It is worth the while for a boy to do that, dear father!





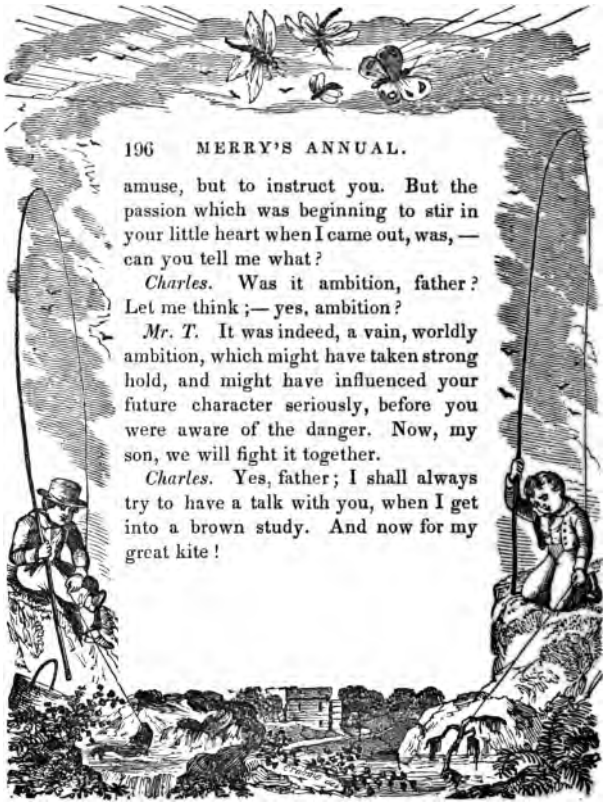
Mr. T. It is, indeed; and therefore do not undervalue your opportunities, my son; those of childhood are neither so few, nor so trifling, as you imagine. In the first place, I have been pleased with the openness with which you have told me the secret feelings of your heart. Your confidence is the best proof of your affection, and gives me the best means of being useful to you; and if you continue it to me as you grow up, blessed will be the result. Then, I was pleased to find, that although, when the clock struck eight, you naturally felt an inclination to join your companions, yet you cheerfully stayed, on finding I wished to talk longer with you. Then, my dear boy, you have listened patiently to all I had to say, and have tried to understand me, though I have not been seeking to

amuse, but to instruct you. But the passion which was beginning to stir in your little heart when I came out, was, — can you tell me what?

Charles. Was it ambition, father? Let me think ;— yes, ambition?

Mr. T. It was indeed, a vain, worldly ambition, which might have taken strong hold, and might have influenced your future character seriously, before you were aware of the danger. Now, my son, we will fight it together.

Charles. Yes, father; I shall always try to have a talk with you, when I get into a brown study. And now for my great kite!



THE AURORA BOREALIS.

I SUPPOSE all my little readers have seen the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Lights. They are often visible, but generally appear only like the faint light of the rising moon. Sometimes we see a broad arch of light, above and below which the sky looks very black, but where you can still see the stars. At other times they are very different, and still quite brilliant and beautiful. In September, 1839, they were visible from all parts of the United States, and had a grand and sublime effect. The whole heavens seemed hung with drapery of various hues, but chiefly of white and crimson. It appeared like the covering of a mighty tent, the top of which was overhead in the centre of the sky.

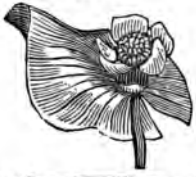
These brilliant folds of light were constantly appearing and disappearing, at one time spreading over a large space in the heavens, and then vanishing or changing their form and color, in the course of a few seconds.

In the winter of 1837, there was a similar display of northern lights. They were even more beautiful than in 1839. The earth was covered with snow, and the lights in the sky, reflected from it, made the earth seem to be covered with a robe of delicate crimson.

In northern countries, near the Pole, the Aurora Borealis is more frequent, and more wonderful, than with us. Bright flashes of light sometimes are seen there, which the sailors call "merry dancers." The Esquimaux Indians say, that these things are the spirits of their dead fa-

thers, playing at ball with the head of a walrus!

The northern lights are much more common than they were a hundred years ago; but, still, it is not easy to say what is the cause of them. The general belief is, that they are occasioned by a fluid called electricity, playing about, very high up, when the air is thin. If I ever chance to catch the Aurora Borealis, I will tell you all about it. But I suspect that and the Sea Serpent will not very soon be taken.

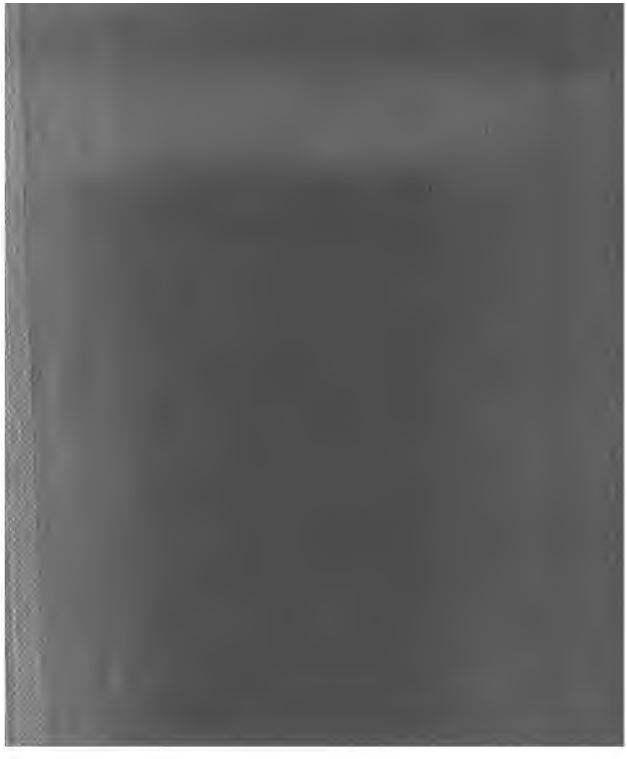


THE GOLDEN RULE.

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As every child should be.

I never need behave amiss,
Nor feel uncertain long,
As I may always know by this,
If things are right or wrong.

I know I should not steal, or use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
For I should never think it right
If others served me so.

THE END.